

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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VOL XLVIII NO 9

NOVEMBER 18 1911



Fully Equipped, \$3,500

**Waverley**

## More Luxury Than the Gas Car at Half the Upkeep Cost

**L**UXURY once pictured only in imagination—freedom from smoke, oil and odor heretofore impossible in a town car for five—noiselessness that brings blessed relief to motor-martyred nerves—all these are now realized in Silent Waverley Electric Limousine-Five. And at half the cost of upkeep of most gas cars! Do you wonder that Silent Waverley Limousine-Five is the one Town Car that buyers of keen judgment and exacting taste are talking about?

Deeply upholstered seats for five—five **adults**—so roomy that it will never be crowded by any company of five—you never heard of *that* seat-space in an electric before. It is in Silent Waverley Limousine-Five. And **no one** is backed up against the front window to obscure the driver's view.

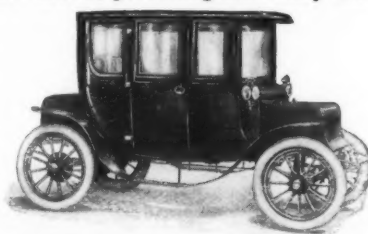
Power? A single battery charge gives Silent Waverley Limousine-Five all the power a big household will require in a full day's use of the car, including a theatre party at night—yes, and there will still be power remaining for next day.

It has taken sixteen years to bring forth Silent Waverley Limousine-Five. And now it goes to Town Car folk, with all these **years of actual use** as the test behind every mechanical principle and part. The Waverley High-

Efficiency Shaft Drive led the way to the present general movement for shaft drive among electric car builders. Waverley Pleasure Cars **never were** chain-driven.

It is simply impossible to illustrate or more than suggest the luxury of Limousine-Five on a page. Send for the beautiful Waverley Art Book, picturing and fully describing Limousine-Five and ten other Silent Waverley models, ranging in price from \$3,500 to \$1,225.

Exide, Waverley, National, Ironclad or Edison Battery.



### THE WAVERLEY COMPANY

Factory and Home Office, 147 South East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW YORK  
2010 Broadway

PHILADELPHIA  
2043 Market Street

ST. LOUIS  
4432 Olive Street

CHICAGO BRANCH  
2005 Michigan Boulevard

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sample to workers.

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WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., I

Nov. 18





## The Law of Averages In Real Estate Investments

We know of several hundred towns in the Pacific Northwest which are located along new transcontinental railroads in rich agricultural mining and lumbering districts. Some of these towns will become great cities—some will never be more than towns.

We have seen all of these towns personally. We have examined them, we have weighed their advantages and disadvantages—and in doing so we have applied the principles which underlie all insurance business.

We have selected seventeen Preferred Risk towns.

But we don't want you to invest in any one of these "preferred risk" towns. Instead we divide the risk for you.

We offer you one lot in each of five of these chosen towns. In this way we divide by five the risk of loss—multiply by five the opportunity for profit.

Allotments of five lots are offered at attractive prices—easy payments if you prefer. No interest; we pay all taxes.

If you believe with us that this unique plan of investment is sound, we can convince you that we have the best towns, and the best lots in these towns.

Also that we deal honestly with our clients.

**We have opportunities for  
a few capable salesmen**

**Northwest Townsite Company**  
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

## Unique Calendar of the Southland for 1912

**The Dixie Book of Days**  
Entertaining and instructive daily quotations that reveal the romance, folklore, humor, literature, and history of the South.

*Distinctively Southern  
but national in interest*

Cover with handsome photogravures; each inside sheet covers one week and has space for notes. Two colors throughout.

Price \$1. Order through your bookstore, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

**The Page Publishing Association**  
Dept G, 849 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

## Allen's Foot-Ease

**Shake Into Your Shoes**



Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. **TRY IT 20-DAY.** Sold every where 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE**

Is a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease. **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

## AGENTS BIG PROFITS

**NEW PATENTED Useful COMBINATION SHEARS**  
Sells to every Housewife.



**Just Out 15 Tools in ONE**  
Made of first quality steel, fully guaranteed. Sells in every home, store or shop. Practical, useful. Housewives won't be without it. A whirlwind seller. Big profits. Biggest, best, most wonderful agents' proposition made. Write quick for terms and free sample to workers. Send no money. A postal will do. **THOMAS SHEAR CO., 2129 Barny St., DAYTON, OHIO**

## WHITE VALLEY GEMS

**See Them BEFORE Paying!**  
These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

**WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., Dept. M, 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana**  
Nov. 18



# Collier's



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NUMBER 9

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**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

## Shows Its Fitness to Meet the Supreme Test

PACKARD THREE-TON TRUCK OVER-RIDES THE BARRIERS FROM COAST TO COAST WITH A RECORD UNMARRED BY MECHANICAL REPLACEMENT

THREE thousand, eight hundred and eighty miles, straight across the country from New York to San Francisco, in forty-six and one-half days, total elapsed time, without a single replacement of a defective part, without a mechanical breakdown and without the assistance of any power except the motor in the car—this is the unique and unparalleled record made by the Packard three-ton truck. W. T. Fisheigh, of the Packard engineering staff, who accompanied the truck, sends this statement:

"Not a mechanical part has been changed since leaving New York City. Our replacement record is perfect except for tires. The motor was taken down in plain view of a crowd in Cuyler Lee's show room in San Francisco to convince everyone that the truck was as good as the day it left the factory."

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



Does your hair  
pull out easily?

You can't replant a lost hair—but you can avoid further losses by taking prompt and proper measures.

Begin at once the following simple treatment, which always proves beneficial:

Shampoo systematically with Packer's Tar Soap. Its effect on the scalp tissues is positive—not alone in freeing the roots and opening the glands, but also in stimulating the circulation and improving the nourishment.

## Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

The ingredients of Packer's Tar Soap—pine-tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils, properly combined—are exactly what the scalp needs.

They increase the efficiency of the natural forces of repair and reconstruction, helping to restore the healthful activity of the scalp tissues and thus stopping the fall of the hair.

Send 10 cents for a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

THE PACKER MFG. CO.  
Suite 88, 81 Fulton St., New York



# Garford

## MOTOR CARS

**SOCIETY** is our great pace maker. It selects and rejects for the whole nation. It decides the correct and incorrect. It sets style and regulates fashion. It chooses impartially and answers to no one. Its choice is always a positive indication of that which is right and best.

¶ For years the Garford has held the right of way among the most fashionable folk in America. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for five solid years would have no other car. She always drove in her Garford whether in this country or abroad. Mrs. Potter Palmer, another social leader of two continents, always chose the Garford. And these two women had every motor car in the world at their disposal. They chose the Garford not alone for its luxurious comfort, but for the fact that it had proved itself a practical reliable utility. Besides that the Garford must have fitted in with their idea of conservative exclusiveness and proper individuality. It has always looked and

performed as a thoroughbred. It is now an established fact, among the most aristocratic people of the civilized world, that the Garford is the finest and most distinctive American car built.

¶ Here we show the "Forty" Town car priced at \$4800—correct in every detail—mechanically as perfect as the most eminent engineers can make it, with a magnificent body—rare in its design—rich in its hand polished coach finish.

¶ The Garford line now includes a "Four-Thirty" and "Six-Fifty." We would like to send you a handsome book which shows the complete line. When you write please ask for Book B.

**The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio**

*We will show a polished chassis of the most advanced six cylinder car made, at both the New York and Chicago automobile shows*

*If interested in trucks ask for a truck book*



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B. H. GREI



# BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

**A Frame-up for Pleasure**

How would you like to have a beautiful Burrowes Combination Billiard and Pool Table in your home? Gives years of entertainment and pleasure to every member of the family. Easily set up in Library, Dining Room or Attic; quickly taken down and set out of the way. No finer or more interesting home amusement. The beautiful Burrowes Home Tables are used by many experts and thousands of amateurs in every part of the world. Endorsed and used by V. M. C. A. Committees, Entertainment Clubs, bankers, lawyers, ministers, physicians, etc. Made in sizes up to 4' x 9' (standard). Scientifically built. Beautifully finished. Fully guaranteed. Prices \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, and upwards, according to size; terms \$1 or more down and balance in

## Small Monthly Payments

We will send you a Burrowes Table on receipt of your first installment. Returnable if not satisfactory. Balls, cues, and full equipment free. Send today for Catalog showing various styles and fully explaining easy payment plan.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.  
407 Center St. Portland, Me.



## DUST WITH 3-IN-ONE OIL

Try this on your buffet, dining table, parlor table, chair, piano—any varnished surface:

Moisten a soft woolen cloth or cheese cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One. Then wipe furniture just as if you were dusting.

You'll be astonished and delighted at the result! Every bit of dust and soil, greasy finger marks, etc., will vanish. A little more oil and a little rubbing, and marks, scars and stains will disappear. All the original beauty and lustre of the finish will be restored.

3-in-One contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. Has no disagreeable varnish odor. Household size, 8-oz. bottle, 50 cts; 3-oz., 25 cts; trial size, 10 cts. All stores.

**FREE.**—Write for generous free sample and valuable booklet—both free.

**3-IN-ONE OIL CO.**  
42 ANH Broadway, New York



## Elastic Stockings

From pure gum rubber, woven absolutely to your measure, at the same price you pay for poor-wearing, ready-made goods.

Our Stockings are best that can be made. Write for self-measurement blank, testimonials and **FACTS ABOUT VARICOSE VEINS.** We furnish all appliances for invalids. Write us your needs.

Worcester Elastic  
58 Front Street,  
Dept. 8, Worcester, Mass.

Stocking & Truss Co.,  
Dept. 8, Worcester, Mass.

## FREE Book

**Fine Book FREE**  
Yes, absolutely free. Tells all about Taxidermy and how we teach this fascinating and lucrative profession by mail. **LEARN BY MAIL TO STUFF BIRDS** and animals, can birds, make rugs, etc. Decorate your home with beautiful specimens. Make big profits during your spare time. Write now for our great taxidermy book. It is **FREE.**

**Northwestern School of Taxidermy**  
4028 Rex Building  
Omaha, Nebraska

## Greider's Fine Catalogue

of purchased poultry, for 1911, over 200 pages, 57 large colored pictures of fowls, calendar for each month, illustrations, descriptions, photos, incubators, brooders, information, and all details concerning the business, where and how to buy fine poultry, eggs for hatching, supplies, etc., at lowest cost, in fact the greatest poultry catalog ever published. Send 15c for this handsome book.

B. H. GREIDER, Box 14, Rheims, Pa.



## BE PROSPEROUS

Grow MUSHROOMS at home in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Large demand. Big profits easily made. Only small space necessary. Work for Men and Women. We are large growers, make best spawn, and insure your success. Write for big free booklet today and learn how.

Nat'l Spawn Co., Dept. 54, Hyde Park, Mass.

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 45

**I**N these Weekly Letters, much has been said of what Collier's requires of advertisers as to reliability and fair dealing with subscribers.

What about the rights of advertisers in their dealings with publishers? They are entitled to, and they get from Collier's, a definite statement of our circulation both as to quantity and quality, including a statement of circulation by towns of from 500 to 200,000 population, by States, by individual cities, etc.

If, for any reason, the circulation of Collier's falls below our guarantee of 500,000, advertisers know in advance that they will get a cash refund for any shortage. This is a new era in space-buying and was established by Collier's over three years ago.

Quality is as important, in most cases, as quantity. Our analysis of the occupations of our subscribers shows accurately how many physicians, lawyers, bankers, manufacturers, clerks, mechanics, etc., are subscribers. This analysis gives the advertiser an idea of their means and ability to buy.

So while we are protecting our readers in every possible way, we are giving the same consideration to the advertisers, for without them, as has been said many times, most of the splendid publications would cease to exist.

*E. L. Patterson.*  
Manager Advertising Department



*The ice gives  
all the good ef-  
fects of massage and  
none of the bad effects*

## How to arouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin for five minutes with a lump of ice.

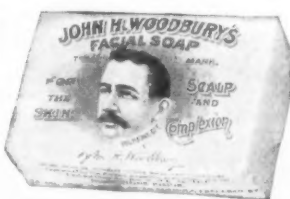
The above treatment brings the blood to the face, stimulates the muscular fibres and softens the skin. If continued every night for a week or ten days, your skin will show a marked improvement.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. J, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati.



## Collect the Dust —Don't spread it!



Sweeping with brooms—even with "parlor sweepers"—merely churns the finer dust into the air of the building. Later the dust settles and covers every exposed surface. Then it is "dusted" off. This process is repeated daily. Brooms or carpet sweepers can never eradicate this dust. **RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning** is the only way.

## "RICHMOND" VACUUM CLEANING

**RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning** can be installed in any building, large or small, old or new, town or country. Wherever installed it will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

**RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning** embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for \$29.00; Ten-Pound Portable Electric Cleaners for \$73.00; and built-in-the-house plants for \$225.00 to a 40-sweeper plant such as cleans Marshall Field's Store, all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

The **RICHMOND Portable Suction Cleaner** shown in the illustration weighs but 10 pounds instead of 60. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. It is simple in construction. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate, simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only one cent per hour to operate.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the **RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Representatives** of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How **RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money**," also reference book giving names of 1,800 prominent installations all over the world.

## THE McCORM-Howell Co.

Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning Systems in the World  
GENERAL OFFICES  
NEW YORK—619 Terminal Building  
CHICAGO—406 Rush Street  
MONTREAL—15 P P Concord Street  
Branches or Agencies in other Principal Cities

## In Times of Need Remember Us—The Rough On-s



## Had They But Used Rough On Rats

The Government uses it. The old reliable. Unbeatable exterminator. Guaranteed to Kill Squirrels, Chipmunks, Gophers, Rabbits, Prairie Dogs, Rats, Mice, Farm and Ranch Pests, all "varmints." 15c, 25c and 50c.

- ROUGH ON ROACHES, Powder, 15c; Liquid, 15c.
- ROUGH ON MOTHS, Powder, 25c. By express 40c.
- ROUGH ON ANTS, Powder, 25c.
- ROUGH ON BEDBUGS, Liquid, 25c.
- ROUGH ON FLEAS, Powder, Soap or Liq'd, 25c.
- ROUGH ON HEN LICE, Dust Powder, 15c.
- ROUGH ON HEN LICE, Spray Liquid, 25c.
- ROUGH ON LIMBERNECK, 50c. Express, 75c.
- ROUGH ON SKEETERS, SPIDERS, etc., 25c.
- ROUGH ON CORNS, Liquid, 25c; Salve, 15c.
- ROUGH ON BUNIONS, Liquid, 25c; Powder, 35c.

At druggists and country stores

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

When you eat squabs, ask for Plymouth Rock squabs

**Squab Book Free**  
For 1912, telling how to make money breeding squabs, how to start small and grow. 5000 wanted daily by only one New York commission firm. See what they say in National Squab Magazine (monthly). Specimen copy sent to 10c. Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 325 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

**Hunters' and Trappers' Guide** \$10.00  
pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Deceits; Price \$2.00. We pay 10 to 50¢ more for Raw Furs, Hides, Skins than home buyers. Hides tanned into Belts. Send for Price List. Anderson Bros., Dept. 13, Minneapolis, Minn.

# Be a Money-Maker!

## We Show the Way

Take a mental inventory of your prospects.

Are you satisfied with the outlook?

Are you content to plod for another year in a path that runs in a circle?

Don't you long for a great big opportunity—one that will try your steel?

—One that offers full scope for your powers and splendid rewards for your efforts?

Here's some good news for several hundred men whose character and caliber are right.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is going to establish a large number of new Local Agencies in cities, towns and villages throughout the United States where it is not now represented.

Applications will now be received for these desirable and profitable agencies.

The manager of the Agency Department is making assignments of new territory as fast as he finds the right men.

### Amazing Success of "Printype"

The introduction of the

## Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

### Agencies Control Local Sales

The Local Agent has exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in his territory.

He can build up as substantial and profitable a business as any merchant in the same community, without the heavy investment of capital which the merchant must necessarily make.

We are exceedingly careful in the selection of Local Agents for The Oliver

new "Printype" Oliver Typewriter has resulted in an enormous expansion of our business.

Far-reaching plans for the extension of our agency system have been set in motion to take care of the vast volume of new business which "Printype" has created.

Printype is virtually Book Type—the type which the eye has been trained to grasp quickly.

—The same type, in all essentials, as that used on the world's printing presses!

The type which the crystallized experience of centuries proves best for the printed page.

The advent of "Printype" has created as great a sensation as resulted when visible writing was first successfully introduced by The Oliver Typewriter over a decade ago.

Think what it means to Oliver Local Agents to represent the only writing machine in the world that successfully typewrites print! And remember that you can sell The Printype Oliver on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan.

Typewriter. The qualities we require are ability, energy, character. We train our men in salesmanship. The work begets self-reliance. We place a premium on initiative.

Whether the Local Agent gives all or part of his time to the work is left to his own decision.

Each man is judged by results.

### Are You the Right Man?

Measure yourself by the standards briefly outlined above. If you believe in yourself, if you are willing to accept responsibilities and not afraid of hard work, write a letter of application at once. There may be an opening right in your home town. Ask for the "Opportunity Book," which tells all about our wonderful Sales Organization and the money-making possibilities of the typewriter business.

Address Agency Department

The Oliver Typewriter Company  
335 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago



**Collier's**  
The American Newspaper  
By Will Irwin

### The American Newspaper

THE READER'S OPINION OF HIS HOME PAPER

In connection with our year's work on the newspaper situation, Collier's offered sixty prizes of \$50 each in the cities and regions of the United States and Canada for the best letters from readers concerning their newspapers. We have already published five installments of the prize-winning letters. Below are printed the letters selected from the contributors of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Raleigh, North Carolina, and one from the miscellaneous class.

**Collier's**

#### PITTSBURGH

This prize-winning letter deals somewhat kindly with a set of newspapers which have failed conspicuously to do their duty by their public. However, we have had our say about Pittsburgh, and conditions there are improving, though not to such a degree as to alarm Senator Penrose.

TO STATE the bare fact first, and then to look for the reason—I read the "Chronicle-Telegraph" most in the evening, the "Gazette-Times" most in the morning. Instantly I wish to affirm that neither paper has an influence upon my opinions on matters political. We all know that they are organs and trumpets of and for Senator George Oliver. I find that I prefer these papers because they alone, among our seven, have a flavor of intellectuality. They employ writers with brains; and if you avoid the matters relating to politics, you find these men thinking clearly and with independence. The supreme test of a news story, to me, is the ability of the reporter to dramatize the action—to make it live—and to humanize the characters—to make them real. I find the New York "Sun" the only paper which accomplishes this all the time. On matters of national import—news or editorial—I do not consider any Pittsburgh paper at all. The voices of the machine insult my intelligence; the voices of the "masses" insult my good taste and my sense of proportion. One can keep up with the events of the day by scanning the headlines of a newspaper; to keep up with the thought and movement of his times he must refer to those other papers to the making of which more deliberate consideration and much more independence are given.

The "Gazette" and the "Telegraph" do not succeed in making the vices of the machine agreeable; but the raucous voice of the "Leader"—the voice of the "Common People"—seems to me to make its virtuous causes ridiculous. Generally the "Leader" is right; but always it is offensive. Looking back, I find that I have never been influenced strongly in matters of national or political interest by newspapers. This may be largely due to my having always been a devoted New York "Sun" reader. Your seasoned "Sun" reader takes that paper for its wonderful portrayal of life and action in the news columns and its splendor and wit and—well, say its agility—in the editorial columns. The man who likes the dry fact, baldly put, reads the New York "Times." Such a man in Pittsburgh reads the "Dispatch" or the "Post" of our morning papers, the "Press" in the evening. To me these sheets are dry; and they have no redeeming editorial smartness.

Yet the "Dispatch" and the "Press" are fair examples of a happy medium between the organ of a boss and the yellow screamer. Each has a large circulation—the "Press" probably has the largest in the city. They "cover" the city and world news well. The sporting page of the "Press" is excellent—that means a good deal here. What they lack is that quality which Dana and the "Sun" have given us—not merely adding the literary flavor to the newspaper, but adding to it also the power of dramatizing life, of making you see action, of making the actors real.

EDWARD BRODERICK.

#### RALEIGH, N. C.

I READ the daily "News and Observer" of Raleigh, North Carolina. That paper is an institution. It is read by something like seventy-five thousand people, two-fifths of whom hate it like the devil, but read it just the same. Why? Because they have to. Its policies make and unmake Governors, Senators, judges, and lights of lesser magnitude. Politically it is mightier than all the politicians and bosses in the State, for the simple reason that it is backed by public opinion.

Ask any of its enemies why they read the "Observer" and the answer is always the same: "It publishes the news." That is literally the truth; nothing of real interest is suppressed. By "news" I do not mean the sickening stories of crime and domestic infelicity that fill the columns of most daily papers. I mean news of political importance or of significance to society in general. In other words, its news matter is clean and healthy. In its editorials it reflects the best thought of the soundest thinkers in the country, and especially of the South.

Another good reason for the great influence wielded by this paper is its direct personal appeal. No one knows or cares who owns its stock, but every line it publishes is universally regarded as the honest, sincere convictions of the editor. To illustrate this point: it is Democratic in politics, and whenever a Republican speaker or paper alludes to an editorial in the "News and Observer" they always refer to "Josephus" (its editor is Josephus Daniels). That is "personal journalism" which might make even a Nelson or a Watterson take notice. No mortal man can measure the influence which this one paper exerts. It has fought and won many battles for better conditions in North Carolina. Its voice has been remarkably clear for the people against special privilege in national affairs.

Much more might be said in commendation of this paper, which for many a year to come bids fair to continue master of the newspaper field in this section of the South. But what I have said is sufficient to illustrate its power for good.

On the other hand, what criticism have I to offer? Very little. First, and chief, it is not at all times and in all things consistent. For instance, it carries no whisky advertisements, but thousands of its friends are frequently forced to blush with shame at some of its glaring patent-medicine announcements.

Second, and in conclusion, as a friend to the principles for which this paper stands; as one who loves the glorious history of this great country, and who hopes for its future, I would beseech its editor to beware lest in his zeal for the cause he bring to me, perhaps unconsciously, just a little more of the spirit of partisanship than of the spirit of democracy. G. M. COOPER.

This letter, from among the miscellaneous class, deserves print. It comes from Grand Forks, North Dakota:

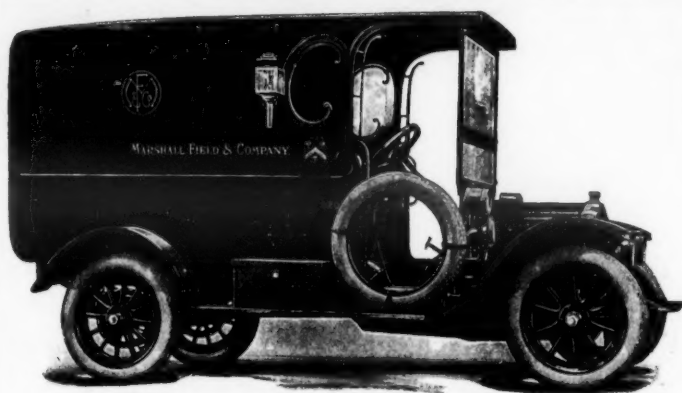
THE first thing I heard about newspapers when I came to this little city a few years ago was the story of the Louisiana Lottery. This great lottery, driven from its home, had tried to buy its way into this new commonwealth. The Grand Forks "Daily Herald," a pioneer paper, fearlessly independent and actively honest even in those freebooting, buccannery days, refused a bribe of \$50,000 for its support. By printing nasty little facts about the great lottery, and by sharp editorial comment on these facts, it wielded a great influence and helped win the fight for the people.

If I must, on account of haste, leave unread a part of the "Herald" before I go to my morning's work, I will omit the editorial opinions, but never the news section. Indeed, I find myself in the position of the lawyer cross-examining the farmer who was on trial for cutting his neighbor. Squirming a little, the farmer said: "I done it in self-defense—you get the idea, do you?" "You give us the facts, Mr. Elton," said the lawyer, "and we'll get the idea ourselves." So I want the editor to give me the facts from which he got his ideas.

While I like the "Herald" for its news and its meaty editorials, and its scraps of Ole's philosophy in Norwegian dialect, yet I find it has these two faults: (1) It does not give us all the big, important news. To fill these frequent gaps we must read the Minneapolis papers, and even the Chicago "Record-Herald." (2) It does not follow up its own news. It reports in full the departure of Mr. Gompers for Europe to study labor questions there, but mentions him no more, not even his safe return. It reports the beginnings of a great Federal suit, and then drops it forever. How it terminates we never know—from the "Herald." Thus facts are not related to preceding facts. Instead of having some orderly sequence and relation, news items are given for their dramatic and sensational effects.

Some papers in this region have but little influence, and that bad. This is for three reasons: (1) Too much yellow advertising; (2) too partisan in politics; (3) too flippant. For instance, when a young girl, in defending her mother, shot and killed her father, a local paper headed the article in big-faced type: "Plugged Pa!" And again when a school teacher died at sea and her body was buried at sea, this paper gave the news item the caption: "Fed the Fishes." This undignified and degenerate style is bad for the paper and for the reader too, perverting, as it does, his taste for solid, respectable journalism. JAMES E. BOYLE.





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**YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL** or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 72 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

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Nov. 18

## BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

WHILE COLLIER'S WEEKLY took sides with Mr. Taft against Mr. Bryan in the last Presidential election, it comes nearer to independence of party bonds than any so-called "Independent" we know. It has ideals that are well defined, and it works to them faithfully and perseveringly, despite the derisive cry of "muckraker" so frequently indulged in by those inconvenienced by the disturbance of the muck. One of its ideals that stands conspicuous and that it aggressively supports is a government by and for the people of this country. Naturally, grafters are indignant. . . .

There is a "modern point of view" in the West unknown and little appreciated in the other sections that are more hide-bound or boss-ridden. The West is progressive, COLLIER'S is progressive, Wilson is essentially a progressive Democrat. —Columbia (S. C.) State.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is gently swinging in with the Taft squadron, and ere long we may expect to hear the thunder of its thirteen-inches in support of "Big Bill." —Enid (Okla.) Events.

Now COLLIER'S WEEKLY is suspected of disloyalty to "the cause." As everybody knows, COLLIER'S has been an insurgent of the Insurgents. It chiefly was responsible for the discrediting of Ballinger, with all the consequent discrediting of the Taft Administration on that account. It has been a relentless critic of Taft on occasions. But it would appear that COLLIER'S does not wish to surrender its independence, even in the effort to make the President of the United States seem mighty small potatoes. —Santa Cruz (Cal.) News.

The Insurgents who "see red" are inclined to feel that COLLIER'S, in its wish to "give the devil his due," is drifting away from the issue. As it believes in reciprocity à la Taft and in Aldrich finance, it properly accords President Taft credit for them because of his initiative in relation to them. But when it attempts to make the exoneration of Wiley and the appointment of Fisher weights to be placed at Taft's end of the balance, it employs faulty logic and begins to condone the worst things in Taftism.

COLLIER'S has helped to make the people of this country "see red." If they had not come to "see red," the old alliance between big business and politics would still be all-powerful, the emancipation of the citizen would not be near. —La Crosse (Wis.) Tribune.

Richard Achilles Ballinger has decided not to sue Gifford Pinchot. The decision leaves only COLLIER'S in danger. —Detroit (Mich.) News.

Publisher Collier landed with a jolt when his aeroplane came back to earth. Break the news gently to Dick Ballinger. —Chicago (Ill.) News.

A cog must have been slipped somewhere, for behold COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the great organ of reform, proposing as the two most eligible candidates for the Democratic, 1912, Presidential nomination Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and Oscar Underwood of Alabama, being the same Underwood denounced by Mr. Bryan as a wolf in sheep's clothing and a representative of the special interests, not to be trusted even as Democratic House leader. —Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says that Woodrow Wilson is at this time the most available man for the Democrats, with Oscar Underwood as a second choice—which is a very sound and truthful view of things as they are and ought to be. —Beaumont (Texas) Journal.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that self-anointed, infallible National Weekly. —Cut Bank (Mont.) Pioneer Press.

The "Register and Leader" quotes with pleasure a protest against an unreasonable attitude of hostility to a central institution of banking credit because the move-

ment happens to be associated with the name of Senator Aldrich, from the always reliably insurgent and aggressive COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Des Moines (Iowa) Register.

Even COLLIER'S is right at times. —Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

St. Louis, Mo. There are nearly twenty million people in this country devoted to various non-orthodox systems of healing disease. Don't forget that, Mr. Editor, and please also remember that these people will be heard from, the regular schools of doctoring to the contrary notwithstanding. This twenty million will have the God-given right to medicine their ills with or without the arrogant assistance of a pseudo-medical science, whose record reeks to high heaven with coercion, bungling, and selfishness. Very truly yours, OSCAR EVERTZ, Evertz College of Suggestion.

COLLIER'S and Obar "Progress" have many things in common.

For instance, both are printed with black ink on white paper, and both are entitled to the pound rate of postage. —Obar (N. Mex.) Progress.

Occasionally we see a good thing in COLLIER'S.—Lebanon (N. H.) Free Press.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY . . . in our estimation, aims to be entertaining, even at the expense of reliability. —Lewistown (Mont.) News.

As soon as the trial at Boise was under way, COLLIER'S was eager to show that, whatever might be its pretensions to reform and insurgency and conservatism and radicalism in general, it is "all right" whenever the class struggle is involved. So it sent C. P. Connolly to report the trial in Idaho, and his reports were the most notoriously unfair and false of any that proceeded from that courtroom. Now the same member of the Ananias Club is at Los Angeles to represent the same paper. His first production shows that his hide is still smarting under the lashing he received from the Socialist press for his intellectual prostitution of four years ago.—The Coming Nation.

We have wholesome regard for the splendid independence which COLLIER'S WEEKLY has more than once displayed in its vigorous prosecution of campaigns for the public weal. —Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Even so great a publication as COLLIER'S is subject to error. —Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune.

COLLIER'S, you know, was the original inventor of political purity, and is the great-granddaddy of all that is holy in the land. Furthermore, COLLIER'S, unlike the New Mexico bushwhackers, has definite principles which it does not hesitate to espouse regardless of the political ambitions of any man. —Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Herald.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, we believe, is one of the chief organs, if not the chiefest in the magazine class, of the radical progressives. —Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram.

Are we to understand that a tariff bill representing the combined results of long months of work by Dolliver and La Follette, as well as months of work by a Democratic Ways and Means Committee that has been vouchered for by so disinterested an authority as COLLIER'S WEEKLY, as "the best Ways and Means Committee in sixty years" is only trash and twaddle, while a tariff prepared by Aldrich and Hale and Smoot and Payne and Dalzell, in conference with the protected interests, is alone the purified product of statesmanship which an American President can afford to sign? —Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald.



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# Colliers' THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
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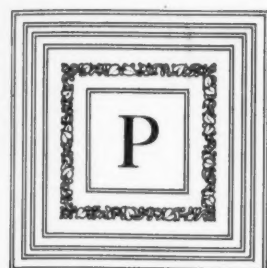
Volume xlviii, No. 9

November 18, 1911

## Incredible!

**RESIDENT TAFT'S INDORSEMENT** of Boss Cox's ticket is the final horror. To support it at all (on the urgency and assurance of a Cox politician!) was terrible enough; but to support it against so fitting and courageous a candidate as HUNT—really, words fail, and we are driven to punctuation and italics.

! ! ! ! !  
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What is the President coming to? After such an exhibition can he be even nominated? If there were an election to-morrow, would not WOODROW WILSON carry Ohio against him overwhelmingly? We have been patient with Mr. TAFT. The Payne-Aldrich tariff, the Ballinger iniquities, the use of patronage against Insurgents, the wool veto, the retention of Secretary WILSON and Solicitor McCABE, the turning of the Post-Office Department into a still more rigid political machine, the ruin of our relations with South America—in spite of blow after blow, we have clung to the hope that the President would improve sufficiently to have a general balance of usefulness to his country. For sheer imbecile lack of backbone this last outrage is the worst.

## Party Lines

**WHEN SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S** paper speaks enthusiastically of WOODROW WILSON's speech at Madison we have one more indication that the day of stupid and meaningless labels is giving place to lines of division that are real. Perhaps the saddest of the many sad parts in Mr. TAFT'S break about the Cincinnati election was that Mr. HUNT was running emphatically on a nonpartisan platform. His position was that, in a city election at least, real city problems should be dealt with and the citizen should be asked to vote not on one label or another, but for the welfare of Cincinnati.

## Why Not, Indeed?

**WHY NOT KANSAS?** remarks the Emporia "Gazette," enumerating the five States that have the Presidential primary and remarking that "Kansas people should have the same rights that voters in other States have." Why is Michigan so far behind Wisconsin? What of insurgent New Hampshire? In some places the answer is easy. Wyoming, for instance, falls behind other Western commonwealths in Insurgency because it is a bribed State. Editors are bribed with offices or other forms of Federal patronage; the people are bribed with public buildings, by the possession of an army post acquired through pull, and by a tariff which favors the rich men of the State. But regarding most States, we may well echo the Kansas cry, Why not? Are the American people willing to take the position that they are less capable of selecting candidates for the Presidency than are a lot of delegates picked out by political machines? We look upon this as one of the most pressing and also one of the most interesting opportunities now before the public. It is made the more interesting by the fact that if the voters show activity and determination they can force the Legislatures in a number of States to pass during the coming winter a bill providing for direct selection of delegates. In the other States they can force party managers to introduce the system within the limits of the parties themselves.

## Sure to Win

**THE OPPOSITION OF LABOR** to scientific management is founded on the belief, which we are convinced is entirely erroneous, that such management results in injury to the workingman. It will require some patience, no doubt, to set forth fully the human side of the doctrine and make it generally understood. What Mr. STIMSON has been saying shows that the Secretary of War is carefully watching the progress of the experiments in his department, and will commit the Government to the introduction of such phases of the principle as will result in industrial efficiency in general, when at the same time there is a corresponding betterment of the conditions and rewards of the workmen directly affected. Mr. STIMSON finds that the results in the Watertown Arsenal are full of promise. Efficiency of manufacture at the shop has been increased, the cost has been reduced, and no interest of the workingman has been injuriously affected either by decreasing pay or requiring

undesirable exertion. Just as the opposition of labor to machinery is almost dead, so must its opposition to scientific management subside before a more general understanding of the actual results.

## The Pure-Food Movement

**FROM THE ATLANTIC** to the Pacific, as the eloquent might express it, there is an unmistakable and energetic movement to bring about a condition where the food that Americans put into themselves shall give more nourishment, and where said Americans shall be not only free from poison, but free from paying for what they do not receive. One step that has just come to our attention is the organizing of a Domestic Science and Pure Food Exposition to be given in Worcester, Massachusetts, from the 21st to the 30th of next March. The exposition is by the Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association, but it is indorsed by the Worcester Woman's Club, which is to have a hand in conducting it. Of course, most food is bought by women, so this whole question of purity rests ultimately with them. The Worcester exhibition is to be extremely strict, and the Woman's Club is to reject certain exhibits which were seen even at Madison Square Garden. The list used is to be compiled with the assistance of the National Consumers' League, to include only the manufacturers who live up not only to the letter of the Pure Food Laws but to their spirit. This, the largest woman's club in New England, will conduct, from January 1 to the end of the exposition, a vigorous campaign among all the women's organizations in the country, and it hopes for an attendance of over sixty thousand persons of the class who are the most valuable buyers. Its cooperation with grocers and provision dealers is a symptom of present trend. The most rapid progress will be made where dealers, manufacturers, and consumers work together.

## What the Matter Is

**MOST OF THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY** (including Mr. CHARLES S. MELLE, president of the New Haven Railroad) think it is politics and a trouble-making administration. All the promoters and exploiters, and most bankers of the sort who are called financiers, say it is agitation, demagoguery, muckraking—all the same sort of thing. (There's a solid race of old-fashioned bankers, the backbone of Wall Street, who know better.) If one of those now under suspicion may be granted two minutes in court, we should like to venture the suggestion that the state of facts illustrated by the following figures has something to do with it. (We start with 1904 because that is the year Mr. MELLE came out of the West to become president of what was then one of the most conservatively capitalized and most stable Eastern railroads):

In 1904 the net income of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad was.....	\$14,030,134
The capitalization (liabilities) that year was.....	136,436,893
In 1911 the net income was.....	28,255,160
The capitalization (liabilities) in 1911 was.....	492,118,175

To put this more briefly and roughly: in seven years the net income grew from \$14,000,000 to \$28,000,000; in the same seven years Mr. MELLE increased the debts and obligations from \$136,000,000 to \$492,000,000, or 1904 to 1911, **earnings increased 100 per cent.**

Same period, **debts and liabilities increased 300 per cent.**

Previous to 1904, for every one dollar of income there were ten dollars of liabilities; during the last seven years, every time the road earned a dollar extra Mr. MELLE piled on nearly twenty dollars of stock and bonds.

We think business will just have to pause and get its breath until the earnings catch up to something like the same relation to debts that they had ten years ago. We don't know anything in nature or political economy that will avoid this process or ameliorate it. And between Mr. MELLE and us, we want a fair umpire to say who caused the trouble.

N.B.—While we don't hesitate to put the example of the New Haven forward as typical of railroad and industrial corporations generally during the last ten or fifteen years, we don't want to say that it is universal; the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, for example, under President MILTON H. SMITH, has actually cut down its capitalization during the past ten years—upon which premise we venture the prediction that the Louisville and Nashville will have smoother sledding during the next few years than Mr. MELLE's New Haven.

## Spilled Milk

**A**N OLD NOVA SCOTIA FARMER, a venerable and good-natured countryman, was guiding his yoke of oxen, pulling a huge load of vegetables along a country road in Yarmouth County. He was asked what he was going to do with all that garden truck. "I dunno," he answered. Then, with something like a sigh, he added: "I c'd sell 'em all down to Boston, just as *easy*, if th' was only Reciprocity." There is some good garden soil in that region, the county is thinly populated for the market of the produce farmer, and freight could reach New England in less than eighteen hours. The decision against Reciprocity at the Canada election was overwhelming, but who can tell, with so much to be said on the other side, when the pendulum will swing decisively the other way?

## A Fit Memorial

**S**AYRE COLLEGE, at Lexington, Kentucky, is one of the oldest institutions for the education of women. It needs a dormitory, which will cost \$200,000. ABRAHAM LINCOLN's wife came of a Kentucky family, and the new building is to serve as a memorial to MARY TODD LINCOLN. Those who are interested in the progress of women, those who have at heart educational improvement in the South, and those who care to see another monument connected with our national hero, should join to help this project on. This Kentucky college is not rich. The rest of the country should assist an enterprise which in its nature has a national appeal.

## Shakespeare

**W**HAT WOULD HAPPEN to the manager who dared to put on the stage to-day such a version of a Shakespearean tragedy as was played in Ireland a hundred years ago? Mrs. EARLE in her "Memoirs and Memories" gives a Dublin playbill of 1793, which suggests this question. The play was "the tragedy of 'Hamlet,' originally written and composed by the celebrated DAN HAYES of Limerick and inserted in SHAKESPEARE'S works." The title part is taken by a gentleman "who between the acts will perform several solos on the patent bagpipe, which performs two tunes at the same time." The daring of REINHARDT'S adaptations pales into nothingness in comparison.

## What Is It?

**O**PINIONS ABOUT GENIUS are always various. J. M. BARRIE says: "It is the power to be a boy again at will." One person out of two tells us every day that it is an infinite capacity for taking pains. "Perhaps," observed HAWTHORNE, "he whose genius appears deepest and truest excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out occasionally a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly though unutterably conscious." Other authorities are just as certain that mysterious and incomprehensible elements are more important than patience and brain strength. Back as far as the time of CHRIST an aphorism by SENECA began the never-terminated discussion of whether genius must be tinctured with madness. DRYDEN said: "Genius must be born and never can be taught." GOLD-SMITH, who knew how it feels to go hungry, contributed the suggestion that "the proper encouragements of genius are subsistence and respect."

## Making Good

**I**T WAS BARRIE long ago who wrote a little essay called "The Coming Dramatist," in which he bewailed the fact that England had no great playwrights. He dwelt upon the honor and the money reward that would come to him who should deserve them. In conclusion he said:

When the dramatist appears, scores of companies will be found capable of acting his pieces satisfactorily. Nor do we fear he would be unappreciated. Trash is often a success on the stage, thanks to the talent of one or two of the players; but the average audience recognizes good work, and would rejoice to have the opportunity of commending it. All that is needed is the dramatist.

After setting this down BARRIE went ahead and became the dramatist

himself. A few years after he wrote his essay, England had entered the period in which PINERO, SHAW, PHILLIPS, GALSWORTHY, and as many others were reflecting credit on her stage, and the young critic BARRIE had become the leader of them all.

## Looking Ahead

**T**HIS IS OUR ANNUAL "Shop Early" editorial. As long as six weeks' trade is focused in the fortnight before Christmas; as long as crowds flock into stores for the belated purchases they might have made weeks before; as long as young shopgirls are forced to stand upon their feet, not only all day but often well into the night; as long as they must breathe thrice-breathed air, and face phalanx upon phalanx of importunate buyers (and questioners);—so long shall we continue to harp upon the theme. At present "holidays" is for many a title that contains too much of irony. The situation might easily be remedied. A little forethought, a little extra pains, and in a few years we should stop printing this editorial.

## The American at Table

**M**R. SAINT NIHAL SINGH is an Indian. Having spent some time in America as a journalist, and returned to India, he has taken his revenge in the "Hindustan Review." According to him, when the American leaves his bed, he marches down to the table in a loose coat, usually without collar and necktie, and sometimes with disheveled hair. Many of the women are clad in loose wrappers and wear their hair done up in curl papers, unless they are wage earners. At the Sunday dinner "men and women stuff themselves, so that it is hard for them to leave the table, and invariably they are obliged to recline for an hour or two, literally in misery. As soon as they are able to move about with comfort, they 'clean up' and dress and go out to the theatre or park, or organize a card party, or sing, play, and dance." Mr. SINGH reminds us of an extremely witty essay recently published by Mr. F. M. COLBY, in which he said that a town ought not to be insulted if a foreigner, writing after a visit of twenty-four hours, failed to do it justice. It ought rather to feel aggrieved if in so brief a tour full justice could be done.

## Thanksgiving Dinner

**T**HE BOY when asked what he was thankful for replied "My victuals." Our language has no kind synonym for gluttony, but good appetite manages still to earn a little praise. An old author has this suggestion for happiness:

Now for a more humble Feast. . . . First, a shield of Brawn with mustard. Secondly, a boy'd Capon. Thirdly, a boy'd piece of Beef. Fourthly, a chine of Beef roasted. Fifthly, a Neat's tongue roasted. Sixthly, a Pig roasted. Seventhly, Cheviots bak'd. Eighthly, a Goose roasted. Ninthly, a Swan roasted. Tenthly, a Turkey roasted. The Eleventh, a Haunch of Venison roasted. The Twelfth, a Pastey of Venison. The Thirteenth, a Kid with a pudding in the belly. The Fourteenth, an Olive-pye. The Fifteenth, a couple of Capons. The Sixteenth, a Custard or Dousets. Now to these full dishes may be added Sallets, Fricases, Quelque choscs, and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one Table.

This is only the first course. Nowadays there might be some slight question about the frugality of it. Let us not argue that, however, but rather quote the cheerful lines of CALVERLEY:

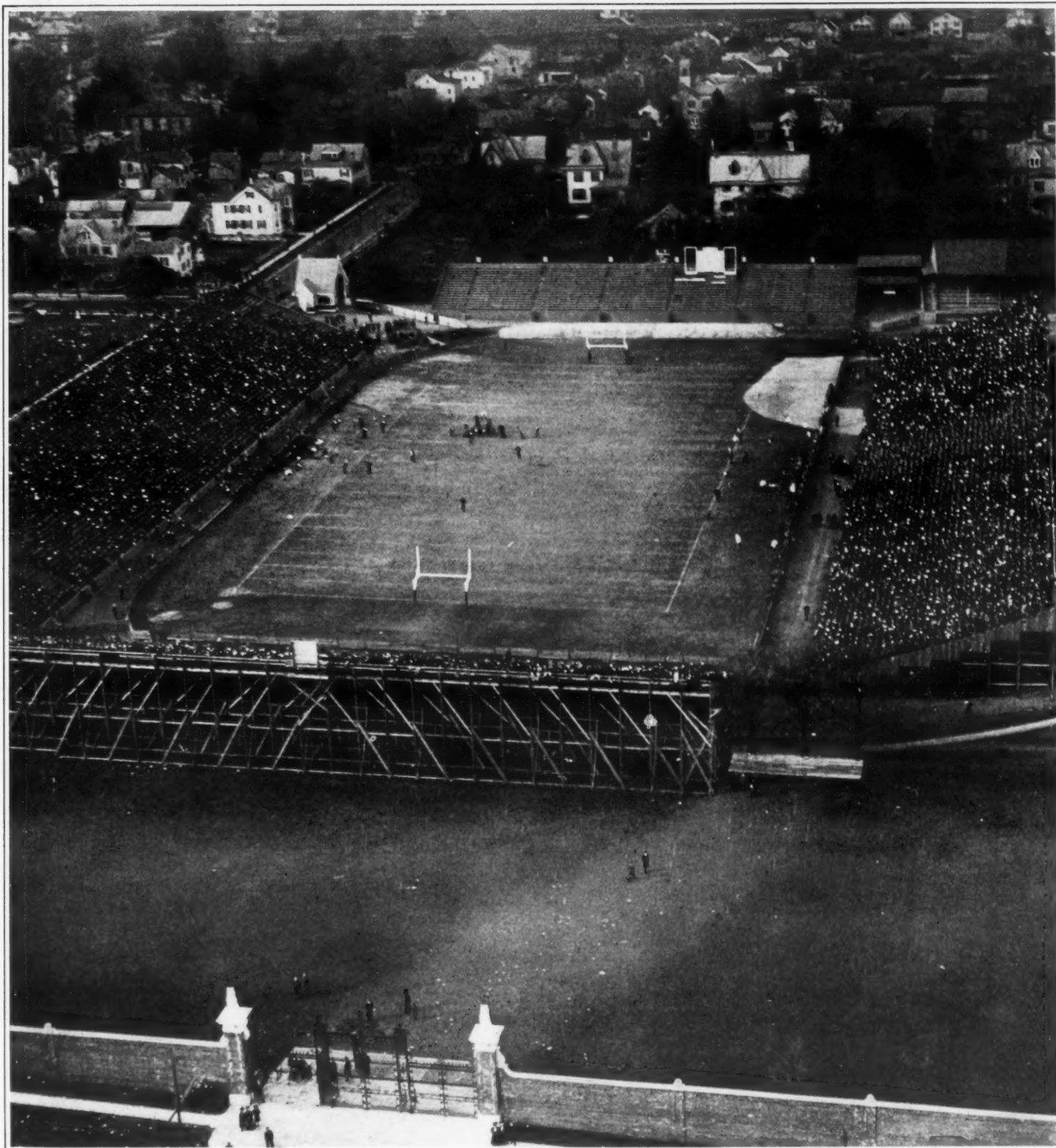
But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—  
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.  
It tinkling tells me that a time is near—  
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.  
O blessed Bell! thou bringest beef and beer,  
Thou bringest good things more than tongue can tell!  
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued  
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

Whether or not "dined" and "food" are a perfectly accurate serious rime we leave to those who are fond of asking others how the second day in the week is pronounced, and answering "Monday." Thanksgiving approaches. May it find more families than ever before able to answer joyously to its dinner bell.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



### Princeton Beating Harvard,—The First Football Game Photographed from an Aeroplane

On November 4, the elevens of Harvard and Princeton met on the gridiron for the first time since 1896. The game was held at Princeton and, in spite of the early-season strength of the Harvard team, Princeton succeeded in winning by a score of 8 to 6. James H. Hare, Collier's staff photographer, piloted by Oscar Brindley, flew over the field in a Wright biplane and took this photograph. This is the first time an aeroplane has been used for the photographing of a news event by any newspaper.

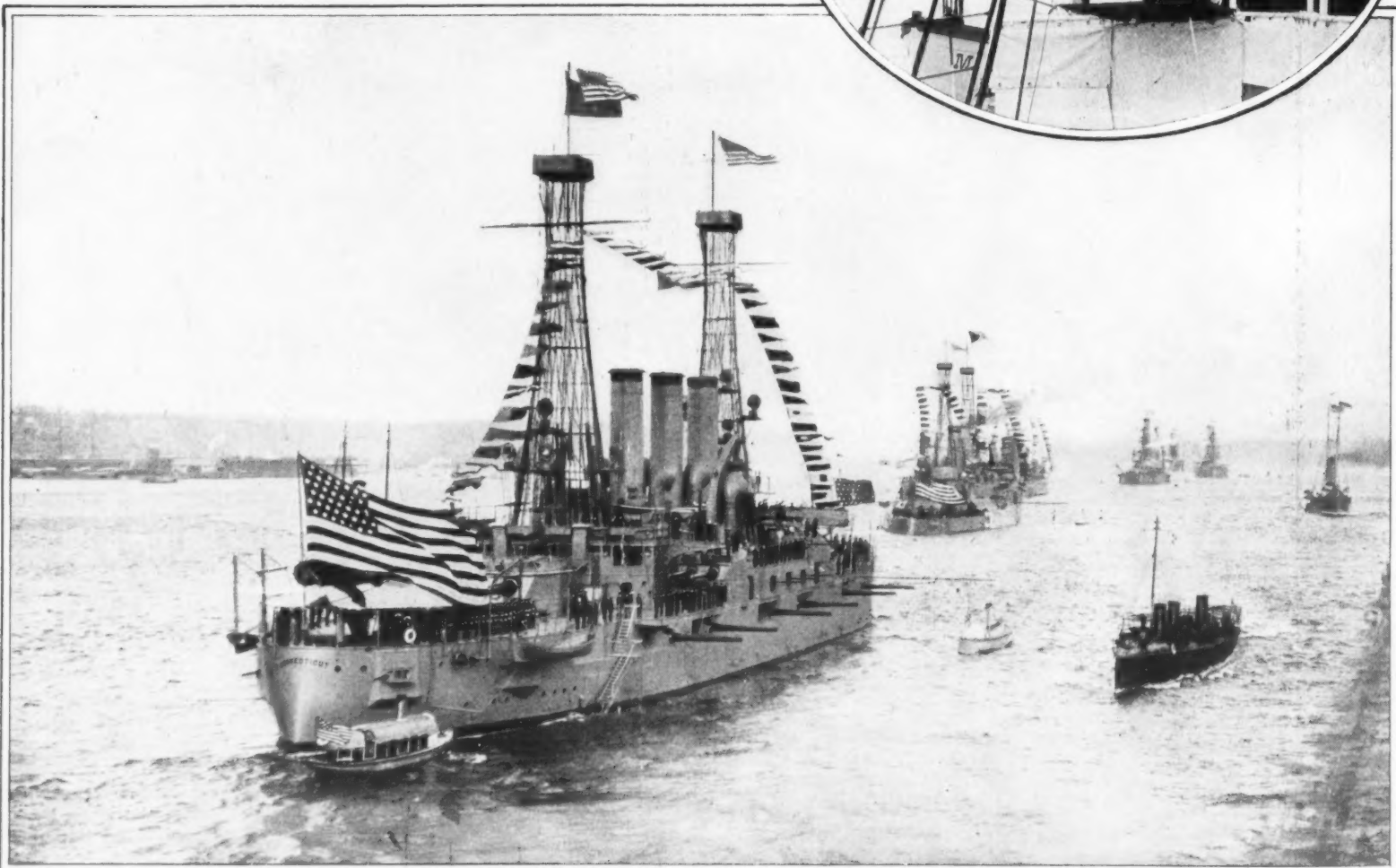
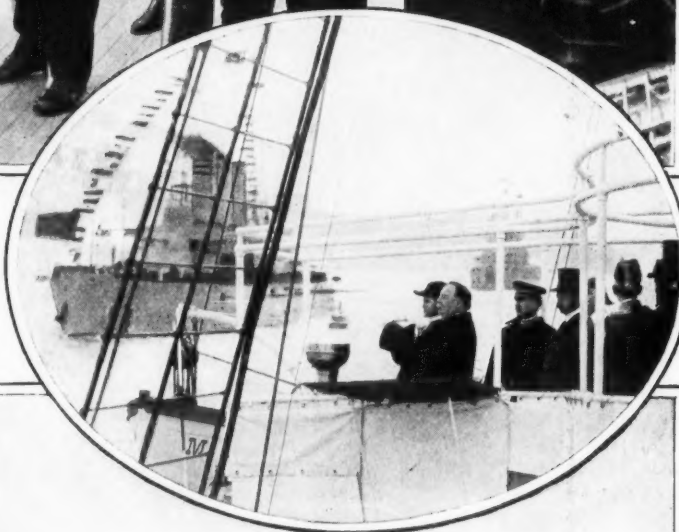
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



President Taft and Secretary of the Navy Meyer Receiving the Admirals of the Fleet

ON November 2 President Taft reviewed the Atlantic fleet anchored in the Hudson River and the various ships which were brought together as temporary additions. Saluted by twenty-one guns, the President's yacht, the Mayflower, steamed up through the lines. In the afternoon the entire fleet of over one hundred ships, including giant superdreadnoughts and tiny submarines, steamed to sea past the Mayflower on which were Mr. Taft, Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and officials of the navy. Again the President's flag was saluted by the passing ships, as, steaming toward the Narrows, they disappeared in the evening mist. Hundreds of thousands of people, lining both sides of the Hudson, witnessed the review.



President Taft on the Mayflower (at extreme right) passing along the lines of the fleet. The flagship Connecticut is in the foreground, and just beyond her is the Michigan

## President Taft Reviews the U. S. Navy's Atlantic Fleet

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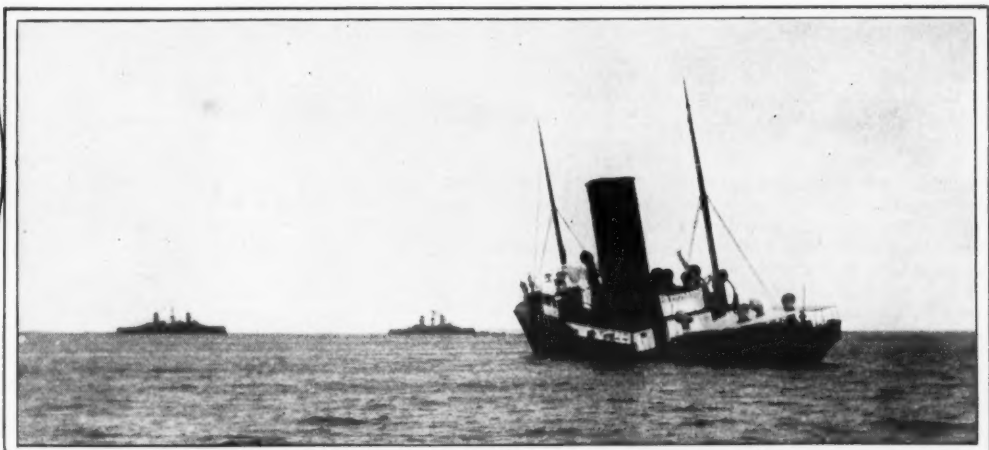
# A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



Italian troops landing under cover of the guns of the blockading fleet



The arrival of Rear-Admiral D'Olimo, Italian Governor of Tripoli



The Turkish transport Derna which was sunk by the Italian fleet while landing munitions of war



Italian Infantry Landing at Tripoli While the Turkish Policemen Clear the Way for the Victors

Owing to Turkey's lack of naval strength, a fleet of over fifty Italian transports has crossed the Mediterranean and landed an army of occupation numbering nearly 50,000 men. The efficiency of the Italian army is proved by the rapidity with which the troops have been mobilized and the perfect order which marked their landing

## Italy's Army of Occupation Landing in Tripoli

# If We Had to Fight—



*Could Our Navy, with the Serious Weaknesses Exposed by the Mobilization Review, Withstand Attack from a First-Class Power?*

Unless a navy is maintained at the highest possible state of efficiency, it is a needless extravagance.  
—President TAFT.

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

**B**ENEATH the Palisades of the Hudson River the nation's fleet swung at anchor—the strongest array of warships ever assembled in home waters. From Fifty-ninth Street to Spuyten Duyvil these floating forts swung with the tide—gray masses of turreted steel with great guns. Surely a superb spectacle! From the wooded heights of Riverside Drive, from the windows of the giant apartment houses that line its slope, and from the Palisades millions of citizens proudly reviewed the nation's bulwarks of battle. They saw the navy of the United States, their first line of defense against Old World aggression; and their hearts swelled at the power and majesty of the American armada.

Let us see what we had there: The sixteen ships of the Atlantic Fleet formed the nucleus; two armored cruisers, some of the older battleships, smaller cruiser types, plus destroyers and torpedo boats, submarines, and auxiliaries, formed the lines. To make the review more imposing, two of the newest dreadnoughts were pushed out of the Navy Yard, in parts incomplete. It actually was a mobilization of the greater part of the nation's naval force, and who can deny that as a spectacle it was grand?

Appearances are sometimes deceptive. You are proud of the American armada—what if I tell you that should this fleet go to war to-morrow, the biggest part of it might be crippled, perhaps sunk, before it got very far? It might be torpedoed by the enemy's destroyers before it had even met his main force. If it escaped torpedo attack by the sheerest luck, these splendid ships, meeting the enemy, might easily be outmaneuvered. Why?—the enemy's admirals, younger and more experienced, have learned the art of war in the school of the grand maneuvers, which involve the strategic and tactical handling of all the ships of a complete fighting fleet. No such maneuvers have ever been practiced in our navy. And so the enemy would have the initial advantage in the action. They know their business.

## Look at the Facts

**A**N ALARMIST, you say—we have a great navy—we have seen it in the Hudson: we know our men are as brave and probably keener, man for man, than those of England or Germany or France or Japan. Look up the marksmanship record—the steaming efficiency—nonsense!

Be patient. A fleet is a weapon of defense, isn't it? Well, the true method of defense in war is attack. Naval battles are not fought in harbors, but far out at sea. Before they meet the enemy our vessels may have to cruise thousands of miles. They will need coal. What about colliers? For want of a sufficient number of colliers this great American fleet of ours is tied to its coal piles. What about repair and ammunition ships? Suppose in its first action the fleet supply of powder and shell is exhausted—it must run to base. This happened to Togo during the battle of August 10, 1904. In the Hudson there was just one ammunition ship, the old collier *Lebanon*, and she lacks the refrigeration equipment to keep the smokeless powder at stable temperature. And the *Lebanon* is capable of replenishing the ammunition supply of one dreadnought.

"How can all this be?" asks the man in the street. "Have we not paid for a great navy?" The answer is—Congress. Congress still thinks that battleships alone make a fighting fleet.

One hundred and two ships of war swung to their anchors; there were salutes and hurrahs; the eagle screamed and the press proclaimed the review

as the greatest thing ever. The great American public went to bed thinking that this powerful fleet was ready for battle—ready to go forth upon the high seas and beat up an enemy with superior force.

*This fleet as a fleet is not prepared for war, nor will it be for some time to come.* While each vessel of the Atlantic force is a highly trained and efficient fighting machine, the fleet as a whole is not ready and cannot be made ready until public opinion forces Congress to realize its immediate needs. This is a statement of fact and is not a personal opinion, the result of indigestion, pessimism, or fault-finding. Any of the serious-minded officers of the navy, particularly the younger ones, will agree with me. On the deck of one of our dreadnoughts an officer, one of the brightest men in the service, said: "Comparatively speaking, we are, to-day, as poorly prepared for war as we were in the Spanish War."

In a word, the mobilized ships in the Hudson River constituted but the empty shell of an efficient fleet.

And their mobilization bears about the same relation to readiness for war as does a parade down Broadway of troops who are not equipped for the field.

## Our Fleet Lacks "Eyes"

**T**HE destroyer is the battleship's worst enemy. On a stormy or foggy night searchlights do not protect the battleship, so a swarm of destroyers may easily get the big fellow at their mercy. A fleet can only be protected against torpedo attack by its own destroyers, which in daytime scout and search and at night maintain a screen against the onslaught of the enemy's craft. Each of the great navies has a large number of these "eyes of the fleet." But not the United States. Germany, Japan, and France have practically four destroyers for each battleship. We have about one and a half. Some fifty more destroyers are needed as fast as they can be built. Surplus battleships are useless if we do not equip them with destroyers.

American policy demands a far-flung fleet acting on the offensive. But to fight away from our base requires an abundant coal supply. This fleet can steam on its own coal about five thousand miles; we have six colliers with fleet speed, and from them the fleet could get coal for about twenty days' cruising speed, but only for ten at full speed. Should we send the American fleet against a foreign enemy, proposing to maintain it for extended operations, we positively need for a coal supply alone more than a hundred vessels. Should the war be in the East before the opening of the Panama Canal, we should actually have to requisition a hundred more steamers above the number now under American register, provided that all the vessels flying our flag could be obtained for this purpose. This would mean that over a hundred foreign ships must be bought or chartered as auxiliaries. Think what a stupendous undertaking this would be!

## What is a Real Fleet?

**I**N CASE of war the fleet of a modern navy strikes at once. If Germany, France, or England had gone to war over the Morocco question, their fleets would have put to sea in a few hours. Should a powerful nation decide to dispute the integrity of the Monroe Doctrine, it would at once dispatch its fleet against us. This would be a real fleet, composed of fighting ships (battleships) and all the auxiliary vessels; its due proportion of armored cruisers, speedy protected cruisers acting as scouts, destroyers, mine layers (of which we have one), mine sweepers (of which we have none), submarines, etc. A fleet of an equal number of battleships sent against this

force without the protection of the necessary cruisers and destroyers would be promptly crippled. Moreover, the foreign fleet would be accompanied by the requisite number of auxiliaries, supply ships, repair ships, hospital ships, troopships, etc., plus the colliers. The vessels necessary for such an equipment have long since been provided by every foreign country. Germany alone could on two weeks' notice commandeer the use of two hundred ocean liners and modern cargo steamers, manned by officers and men all belonging to her naval reserve, and as such accustomed to military discipline.

Such vessels do not exist in our country, and Congress has done nothing to build up a merchant marine from which they could be recruited.

We, the greatest oil-producing country in the world, were the last to apply oil fuel to warships. This may be the reason why the navy is without modern oil tankers. Some fifteen destroyers burning oil, and nothing else, are in commission. The *Arctura*, the improvised oil ship which was in the review, could not supply these vessels with oil for more than five days steaming at twenty knots; the tanks, the two colliers which carry oil, could "oil up" once the four dreadnoughts, which burn oil as well as coal. The British navy has four oil ships. Should we get into trouble we should have to rely upon the patriotism of the Standard Oil Company for tank steamers.

I'll admit that in case of a sudden flurry many ships could be improvised for auxiliary duty in a job-lot way, but they would be wholly insufficient in number and equipment. But naval wars are swift, and by the time this service could be fully organized, and the personnel enlisted, let alone trained, the war would be over. For effective performance in peace and war the following types are needed in relation to a squadron of eight battleships of an ideal fleet: 4 armored cruisers, 8 protected cruisers (scouts), 32 destroyers, 2 destroyer tenders, 8 colliers, 1 repair ship, 1 hospital ship, 1 supply ship, 1 transport, 1 ammunition ship.

## Wanted, a Naval Reserve

**F**OR these types special appropriations should be made by Congress, and this without reducing the general program of two battleships a year necessary to replace four of the five battleships which will be twenty years old in 1914, and as such relegated to the second line.

The navy is short of men.

Of the ships in the line of review, the battleships alone carried their full complement of officers and men; indeed, not all of the sixteen battleships and two armored cruisers had their full quota. It has been necessary to transfer officers and men from the big ships to those which have been taken from the reserve. And fully to man all the ships built or building would at present be impossible. The new ships under way can only be commissioned by laying up others: robbing Peter to pay Paul. The fact is that the naval committees of Congress have not as yet realized the importance of increasing the enlisted personnel. While appropriations have been made for new battleships and their equipment, there has never been added a clause in the appropriation bill providing for their crews. In war the navy will need 30,000 additional men. But where are they to come from and how long will it take to enlist them?

During the Spanish War it required nine months to enlist some 8,000 men, this outside the 3,832 furnished by the naval militia, and two months elapsed before 5,974 recruits had been raised. The naval militia, at present an enthusiastic and growing body of men, is but 6,500 strong, officers and all. Congress has so far taken no steps to authorize an

\*Captain C. C. Marsh, U.S.N., in the "Naval Institute."

(Concluded on page 41)

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# Mexico's New President

*The Little Man Who Fought Force with Humanity and Believes in Democracy for Mexico*

By ARTHUR RUHL

And so it has come about that what is known as "being practical" is considered all important; everybody will be "practical" and nobody so silly as to give his life for his country, for, after all, what is one's country? A myth; an immaterial, intangible thing which produces nothing.

Studying our situation coldly, it seems as if there were nothing to do but fold our arms and stoically await the future like storm-driven sailors in a rudderless ship. But, fortunately, such is not the case. There is such a thing as faith, which can raise one to a realm to which mere reason cannot penetrate. This faith has always inspired great sacrifices, sublime abnegations—the faith which, piercing the cold facts, sees the higher destiny of a nation, the mysterious hand of Providence reaching out to guide a people. Examples of such faith we find in Christ redeeming humanity, Columbus discovering the New World, Hidalgo proclaiming the independence of our country, Juarez repulsing the French invaders. . . . Peace under the law. Peace, turbulent if you will, but full of vitality—the peace of a free people, not the supine peace of the oppressed, whose inanimate tranquillity nothing can disturb. . . .

IT WAS for utterances such as these that Francisco I. Madero was called a dreamer. In the Mexico of less than a year ago, still more in that of 1909, when these remarks were published—a Mexico above which the martial figure of old Don Porfirio towered, serene and invincible, whose dominant note resembled our own Standpat Republicanism carried to the nth power—such words seemed the vagaries of a dreamer, indeed. Yet the same idealistic little man who wrote "The Presidential Succession of 1910" faced thousands after thousands of frantic admirers this fall, and, with the *vivas* fairly rocking the street, and quivering hands and blazing eyes reaching up toward him as if he were not only a hero but a saint, took off his straw hat, leaned quietly on the balcony railing, and told the people that the only way they could improve their condition was to improve themselves—to work, send their children to school, and stop getting drunk.



"Sweet Promises"  
From "Zpirango"

Madero—"When I am President, you will have all that."  
The People—"Hurray! and say, little chief, can't you make the fleas hop out of my bed, too?"

self—or might, for example, in that of almost any successful railroad president or stove manufacturer. Mr. Madero is a little, fidgety man. He could not, I am sure, like the Yuan-Shih-K'ai described in these pages last week, "take his cup of tea unerringly from an attendant without shifting his gaze from the person he is talking to." He would address the servant, turn round to hear something that was said behind him, and indulge in an unnecessarily excitable "Pues hombre!" before answering you.

## The President at Close Range

I TRAVELED for several days with Mr. Madero during his final spellbinding tour, and I could curl up in a seat opposite him and try to make up some of the sleep we had lost the night before or turn my back and read the paper without once being conscious of the steely gaze of an overpowering personality boring through the back of my head. There was the usual crowd of orators, admirers, and political hangers-on in that car, and if the "Leader," as he was generally spoken of at that time, stood out from the rest it was because he looked more preoccupied



An Impromptu Greeting to "Don Panchito"

The crowd, with their homemade flags, gathered while Madero was eating breakfast in the little cantina in the rear

and worried and nervous—as a man with his task ahead of him certainly had a right to do.

If you had wanted the uncomfortable omniscience generally ascribed to political genius, you would have come nearer finding it in the person of Federico, Mr. Madero's Japanese valet. When we rode all night in a day coach, he made a few quick passes, and two apparently perfectly solid seats were converted into a level and comfortable bed. He bargained in Spanish with the fruit and *dulce* sellers who came to the car windows, and when the others had left the car he startled me by addressing me in colloquial American, and, all in all, he saw so much and knew so much, without appearing to see or know anything, that he seemed at least an agent of the Japanese War Office or a close relative of the Emperor.

## A New Kind of Revolutionist

BUT Don Panchito himself was neither mysterious nor, in an obvious sense, impressive. He might have been almost any little man with a black beard and worried forehead riding down town in an "L" train or running a dentist's office in Harlem—just an ordinary human being, with a lot of modern ideas in his head and a genuine desire to help.

If Mr. Madero were anything else than this, if he were the young Diaz so many have wished for, both he and the recent revolution would be commonplace enough. If, on the other hand, the revolution represents the yearnings and protests of millions of ordinary men crystallized in some one of almost the same clay as themselves; if the dictator and his bayonets go down before this peaceful little man in a white straw hat; if instead of right being on the side of

the strongest battalions the battalions aren't strong unless they have right behind them, then democracy has won a new victory and Francisco I. Madero really accomplished something.

To be sure, Madero belongs to Mexico's privileged class. The Maderos are important people in the north; they have large land holdings in the neighborhood of Monterey; they are rich and the family connection wide and powerful. They do not, however, belong to what might be called the smart society of Mexico City—those whose fine carriages and motors punctuate with special brilliance the stream of vehicles which flows slowly up and down San Francisco Street in the late afternoon: the elect of the old régime, whose daughters rather shudder at the thought of democratic barbarians taking possession of the capital, and whose sons, after their school days in France or at Sandhurst, come home to loll about the Jockey Club and spend their fathers' money.

## The Maderos—A Vast and Genial Tribe

THE Maderos belong to the provincial aristocracy. You can almost imagine them traveling in the good old Mexican fashion, with enough paper boxes, tin trunks, and so on, to start a shop, with lunch baskets whose contents are swelled at each station with oranges and *dulces* purchased from the car window, and not unlikely a bird cage or two and a few potted palms to complete the picture. They are comfortable, wholesome people, genial, prosperous, close to the soil.

Old Don Evaristo, the President's grandfather, was Governor of his State of Coahuila, but since his retirement from that office in 1884 the family had only entered local politics in an incidental way. They were interested in ranching, mining, and other industries of their neighborhood, and were busy and prosperous. The President's father had a large family. Not all survived, but Don Pancho, as he is familiarly called (Pancho is the nickname for Francisco, and to the President, Francisco, Jr., is applied the diminutive Panchito), can now gather thirteen children about him, nine of whom are sons—Francisco, Gustavo, Emilio, Raoul, Alfonso, Julio, Gabriel, Evaristo, and Carlos. Of two of these, Raoul and Julio, who went to a Michigan school of mines, I have heard it said by a classmate that they had a willingness, rather rare in Latin America, to work with their hands, and when some of the undergraduates, to save money, did their own grading about their fraternity house, the young Mexicans turned to and shoveled dirt with the rest.



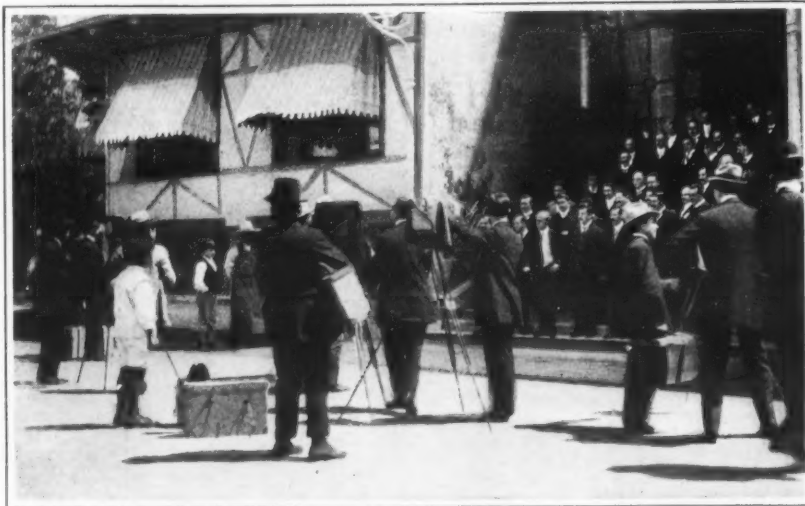
"The Only Competitor"  
From "Los Toros" ("The Bulls")  
The large figure is Gaona, most popular of Mexican bullfighters

Neither Don Pancho nor the President and his younger brothers have any of that superciliousness and cold perfection of manner which are so often considered the last word in Latin America. The latter are quite everyday young men, who smoke many of those little corn-husk cigarettes so favored in their corner of Mexico, are not afraid of laughing at themselves now and then, and might pass unnoticed in any crowd of Americans in Kansas City or Chicago.

## What Started the Revolution

THE Maderos stick together in a tribal fashion more common among Latin-Americans than with us. However Don Pancho may have been disturbed by his sons' vagaries in their earlier stages, the success of the revolution brought all the family about "the little sawed-off," and Mr. Madero's progress during his campaign was nearly always that of a

(Continued on page 39)



Photographers for Mexico City Newspapers Snapping Pino Suarez and His Friends  
The Independent newspaper men have just given a luncheon in honor of the Vice President

# Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

**P**ROFESSOR DICEY, K. C., is one of the most eminent lawyers in England, and his fame as a scholar and writer in the field of constitutional law is international. Last summer, just after Lloyd-George secured his famous reforms, Professor Dicey wanted to make perfectly clear to everybody just what had happened. So he put some fundamental facts concerning the constitutional law of England into the simplest possible terms, in form of a dialogue or catechism. The reason this catechism is interesting to Americans will be apparent to those who give a minute to reading it:

PROFESSOR DICEY, K. C.—My object is to state in popular language the meaning of the Parliament Act.

*First Question*—What are the legislative powers of the House of Lords as to money bills?

*Answer*—The House of Lords have no legislative powers whatever in regard to any money bill, and a money bill in the Parliament Act means, in effect, any bill which the Speaker of the House of Commons sees fit to indorse as a money bill.

It was this situation which gave importance to the controversy about whether the Speaker or the House itself should decide what was a money bill, the Speaker being traditionally a fair and non-partisan officer. Of course, the House of Lords has a sort of power of protest, but just how much this amounts to Professor Dicey goes on to explain in very clear language:

The power under the Act of the House of Lords to discuss a money bill and thus protest against it is not legislative power at all; it is a power possessed by every debating society throughout the United Kingdom; and the protest against a money bill of the Trade Union Congress will carry more weight than the strongest protest of the House of Lords. (Parliament Act, Section 1.)

In order to be more emphatic, Professor Dicey then states the absolute power of the House of Commons in another way:

*Second Question*—What are powers of the House of Commons as to money bills?

*Answer*—The power of the House of Commons as to any money bill whatever is absolute and unrestricted. . . .

Finally, Professor Dicey, to show how impotent the Lords have become, considers what power they have left over a bill to abolish their very existence:

But the Lords can exercise a suspensive veto, which may delay such bill (e. g., a bill for the total abolition of the House of Lords) from passing into an act for a little more than two years. (See Section 2—1.)

*Fourth Question*—What is now the legislative power of the House of Commons with regard to any public bill which is not a money bill?

*Answer*—The Parliament Act gives to the House of Commons, or, in fact, to the majority thereof, for the time being, power to pass into law any such public bill whatever, in spite of the rejection thereof by the House of Lords. Every statute, past, present, and to come, is rendered subject to the sole and despotic authority of . . . any . . . faction which may obtain a majority by whatever means in the House of Commons.

Translated into terms of American legislation, this would mean that whenever the Lower House of Congress should pass a bill, it would thereupon become a law, regardless of what the Senate or the President might say or do. If we had had this English system in America, the woolen schedule which the Lower House passed last session would now be in effect, so would the farmers' free list, so would the bill for the direct election of United States Senators, which passed the House with only fifteen dissenting votes. The contemplation of this will shock that class of Americans who think that our system of vetoes, of checks and balances, is the safeguard of civilization. Other Americans may be caused, by this little exposition from Professor Dicey, to wonder whether we have not outgrown a system which was natural to cautious men setting up a new and untried form of government—men who partly were distrustful of democracy, and partly were justified in their caution by the conditions of the time. When the Constitution was made there was no railroad, no telegraph, no telephone, no press in the sense that we know to-day. The proportion of persons who could not read or write was very much larger. Do not the agencies that have risen in a hundred years to make public opinion more readily informed, to give

the individual voter greater accuracy of judgment, suggest that we might profitably make the crystallization of public opinion into statutes a simpler matter than it now is?

## An American Example

**P**ROFESSOR DICEY has shown how simply and quickly the subjects of a British King can express themselves in statutes; one American example, recent and vivid in every mind, will show how long and difficult is the distance between what the people want and what the law is: The Payne-Aldrich tariff became a law on August 5, 1909. Everybody knows that if a vote of the people of the United States had been taken on the following day, four out of five votes would have been cast against the bill. But the people did not get a chance to express themselves at the polls for considerably over a year—until November, 1910. Then they showed their opinion of the Payne-Aldrich Act by electing a Congress overwhelmingly Democratic. But that was only a third of what it is necessary for them to do. The Senate and the President remain Republican, Senators with terms of six years and the President four. In order finally to overturn the party that passed a detested law, the people must wait four years or more. And the people must continue in the same state of mind for that length of time. There is always the chance that they may get tired hating a law or economic conditions may change; a new issue may arise; a dozen things may happen. This is what the Standpatters and the beneficiaries of the tariff are just now eagerly hoping. And the recent election in Massachusetts proves that the people of that State are less bitter against the tariff now than they were two years ago. In England, an unpopular bill would be voted down in a few weeks; in America, it is time and the Standpatters against the people.

## The Parcels Post

**T**HE editor of the "Illinois Farmer" has received from President Taft's secretary a letter which closes with this sentence:

The President is strongly in favor of the establishment of a general parcels post and will recommend the same, without qualification, in his next message.

The Democratic leaders in the Lower House also favor the parcels post, and the new chairman of the Senate Committee on Post Offices is ardently promoting it.

## One Thing the Democrats Could Do Quickly

**C**ONGRESS assembles again on the fourth of December. The Lower House is completely controlled by the Democrats. They could pass an act putting iron and steel on the free list within a week; in the Senate, it is hardly conceivable that any considerable number of Republicans would oppose it; that President Taft would sign it is most likely. There is no need to wait for a Tariff Board's report on the steel schedule, for even those who are closely identified with the Steel Trust admit that they can, and do, make steel in the United States at a lower cost than is possible abroad. The opposition to free steel would come only from that small and irreconcilable group of Standpatters who fear the moral effect of the example.

## One Surmise

**S**OME Democratic leaders in the Middle West have heard, and are disposed to credit, this story: that the New York State delegation will come to the Republican National Convention instructed for James S. Sherman for President, that at the right moment they will change their votes to Justice Hughes of the Supreme Court, and that thereupon so many of the delegates as are controlled by the Standpatters will desert Taft and fall in line. Whether Justice Hughes has heard of this program, or would approve of it, is not included in the story. The Democratic leaders are free to say that Justice Hughes as the Republican candidate would give them more concern than any other possibility that can now be foreseen, assuming that ex-President Roosevelt is eliminated.

## Get the Presidential Primary for Your State

☞ The Presidential primary means that you can go to the polls (if you are a Republican) and say whether you want Taft or La Follette or some one else to be the Republican nominee; if a Democrat, you can choose among Harmon, Wilson, Underwood, Clark, Folk, and the other candidates. **If you don't do the choosing, the bosses and officeholders will.** The following States have already adopted the Presidential primary, either as a statute or a party rule: New Jersey, Nebraska, Oregon, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Texas. **If you live in one of the other States and are willing to help get the Presidential primary, we will be glad to send you information and suggestions.** Fill in the coupon or send a postal card.

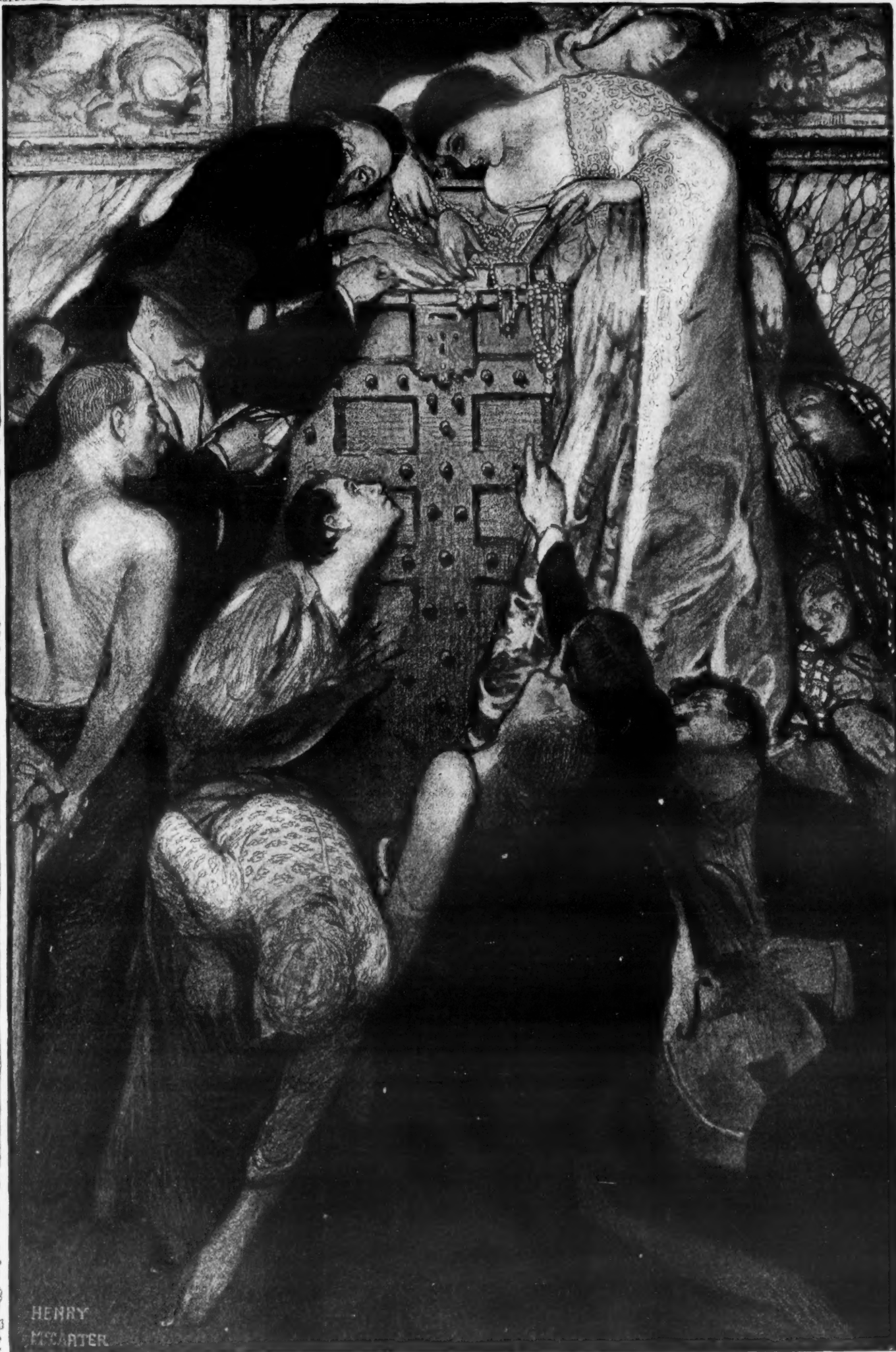
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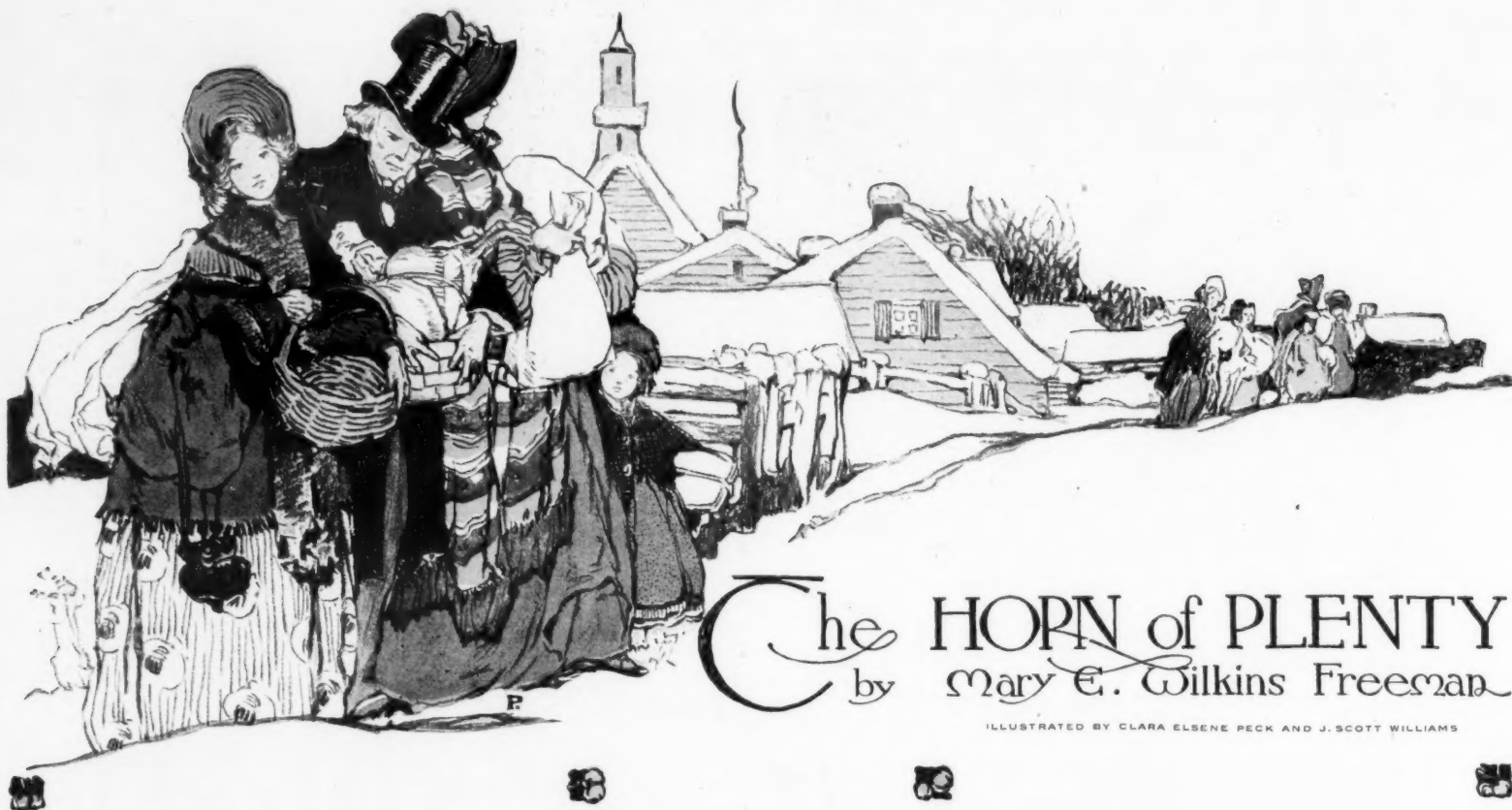


HENRY  
McCARTER

### The Lust for Gold

DRAWN BY HENRY McCARTER

See Poem on page 14



## The HORN of PLENTY

by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARA ELSENE PECK AND J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

### The Lesson of Miss Rebecca Reddy's Lavish and Unexpected Thanksgiving Dinner

**I**T WOULD," said Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, "be enough sight worse to have your horn of plenty overflow than to have it half full. It is natural to be swamped in misery, but sort of monstrous to be swamped in the good things of life."

Mrs. Armstrong's sister, Lucilla Childs, who had also a strain of philosophy, spoke. "A horn of plenty," said she oracularly, "could not in the nature of things be lacking in anything. If it were, it would not be a horn of plenty."

"That is true," said Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, "I did not make myself clear. I ought to have said folks should get the exact size of their horns of plenty, then there would never be any complaining. We would always know when we had enough."

"Some people," stated Lucilla, "may not own horns of plenty."

"Nobody was ever born without one in the soul," answered Mrs. Armstrong.

"I see you are hitting me," said Lucilla.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Armstrong calmly; "hope I hit hard enough."

"You don't hit hard enough to upset my horn of plenty," returned Lucilla. She laughed, but her blue eyes remained strained and sad. Lucilla was Mrs. Armstrong's half-sister, and young enough to be her daughter. Her mother had been the second wife, a mere girl, who had died soon after Lucilla's birth. Lucilla was a beautiful girl, or young woman. She was a little past thirty. She was very fair, and her skin was wonderful. She wore a blue dress of soft wool, and the blue of her costume was like that of her eyes, only one was opaque, and the others were translucent with light like jewels. Lucilla stared at nothing as if it were something of tremendous interest, after a peculiar fashion of her own, and her eyes were very round and large, like a baby's when it first glimpses something which awakens its mind. Lucilla looked very young, so young as to be pathetic; she was a little anemic, and there was a frown of dissent, although of gentle dissent, between her eyes. She even stooped a bit as though under an invisible burden of grief, sitting with her slenderness hunched upon itself.

**H**ER sister Abby was paring apples. Her hands were never idle. Lucilla's always were. Lucilla at that time of her life seemed pure emotion and mentality, her sister was more complex. "I am going to speak very plainly," said Mrs. Armstrong. "You have been home six weeks now. You seemed to me not to have enjoyed your visit with Ada Green in New York."

"I never said I did not."

"If you would say things right out, it would be better for yourself, and everybody else," returned Mrs. Armstrong.

"Well, I did not have such a very enjoyable visit," said Lucilla with a passive agreement.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know exactly."

"Didn't Ada and her husband do everything they could to make you have a good time?"

"Oh, yes, everything, sister Abby."

"Well, I suppose then that you thought your horn of plenty wasn't as full as theirs."

Lucilla colored sweetly. "I would not have married Winslow Green if he had been the last man in the world," said she, "and as for Ada's baby, it is a very large, squashy baby, and has always to wear an unpleasant bib, and cries all the time. Ada has a lovely home, though, and she does seem happier than almost anybody I know."

"It is the whole of it, then, that you think of?"

**L**UCILLA colored more vividly, but the blue light of her eyes was defiant and virginal. "Why not?" she demanded.

"I don't suppose there is any why not. I suppose it is only natural. But I do suppose that perhaps your horn of plenty can only hold just what you have without slopping over; do you suppose, for instance, that it would hold Armstrong?"

Lucilla paled a little and stared at her sister, for Armstrong, who had deserted his wife for another younger woman, and decamped for parts unknown, years before, had been a tabooed topic.

"I suppose," said Abby Armstrong, "that you think my horn of plenty does not hold Armstrong—well, it does, and it is a pretty good load. You see, I was happy with Armstrong before—well, before that other woman came along, and I can tell you one thing, Lucilla—a happiness that is passed takes up a terrible amount of room in a horn of plenty; sometimes it crowds out happiness which hasn't passed."

Well, you know Armstrong, when he went away, was six feet tall and weighed about two hundred, and then there were the two little girls who died. Do you think your horn of plenty would hold all that?"

**L**UCILLA did not smile, and the miserable parallels of woe remained on her forehead between the lovely loose puffs of fair hair. Still, her pretty mouth dropped; still, her blue eyes gazed straight ahead as if at a landscape of terrible futures.

Abby Armstrong looked at her shrewdly. "I think," said she, "that you need somebody with horse sense to translate your own situation in life into language that you can read. You are not the first girl whose life has been written, as far as she was concerned, in one of the unknown tongues. Now here you are a young, handsome woman."

"I am over thirty," said Lucilla.

Her sister sniffed. "Thirty! You are a baby. Lord! you speak as if the world had come to an end because you are thirty. I can tell you that you are a mighty young thing in a mighty old world. And you don't look a day over twenty, even when you scowl and pucker and do your best to make lines on a face that's like a rose and a lily, and that the Lord intended to last nice and smooth till you are a good deal older than you are now. Now you are going to hear some pretty plain language for the first time in your life. I know it's the first time. Your mother died when you were a baby, and our father died when you were pretty young, and anyway he sort of spoke in precepts, and didn't fire the truth at folks straight. He hit all creation, but not anybody in particular. I used to think it was a great pity that father hadn't lived in Bible times. He might have written a chapter in Ecclesiastes, or a psalm, though



"I would not have married Winslow Green if he had been the last man in the world"



possibly I am wicked to think of such a thing. I know father wasn't inspired, although he was a very good man, with a good mind, and enough sight better than King David, or King Solomon in all his glory, as to his acts. They may have meant better than father, but they came short sometimes, if they did sing songs about it and lay down the laws. Now I am going to speak plain. You are a young woman and as pretty as a picture, and you have all your wits and plenty to live on, if you are careful. You can do about as you are a mind to—travel or stay at home—and if it is too quiet here for you, you can start up any time you want to and have a change to where it's livelier. There's nobody to say you shall or you shan't. You ought to be as happy as the day is long, and here you are eating nothing and looking glum, just because you think you haven't quite all that ought to come to you, when you don't exactly know what that is for the life of you. The first thing you know you will turn out exactly the way Rebecca Reddy did."

"I don't know what you mean, sister."

"Well, you just sit still and wait, and I'll tell you what I mean. You have so much to be thankful for that it is not safe to rebel because you haven't got more. Now I've got these apples pared, and I'm going to roll out my pie crust, and I'm going to tell you about Rebecca Reddy, and you can see what you think then. Another thing you've got to be thankful for is this nice kitchen to sit in, when it's snowing the way it is outside. There isn't such a kitchen in this village, if I do say so. It is the biggest for one thing, and I knew what I was about when I had the floor painted yellow. If the sun isn't shining it don't show."

ABBY ARMSTRONG rose, and made preparations for her pastry, and her sister looked about with a listless and silent assent. The kitchen was lovely. Abby Armstrong, in spite of her provincialism, had kept up in many respects with her day and generation. Her kitchen was one evidence of it. It was large, with floor painted a clear pumpkin yellow. The walls were papered with yellow and covered with glass. The glass walls had almost caused a scandal in the village, and the man who had done the work had been in his inmost soul afraid of the woman who had instigated it. But the result was beautiful and sanitary. Tables covered with glass and holding pots of flowers stood in the two south windows. Abby's kitchen table was painted yellow and glass-covered. There were two rocking-chairs upholstered with yellow and white chintz, and the other chairs were yellow. She had a corner cupboard with glass doors, containing yellow and white ware, and cleats on the walls were hung with shining cooking utensils. There was even a yellow cat in a round coil of slumber in one of the rocking-chairs.

ABBY wore an indigo blue dress and apron, and her hair, still yellow, shone compactly like a little gold ball at the top of her head. She had been pretty, and now was charming like a dried yellow flower which had kept its shape, and lost nothing except the summer juices at the advent of frost. When she had her pastry under way she continued talking to her sister, telling her story in a whimsical, tender fashion. "Rebecca, she was old Squire Reddy's daughter, and she lived in the big white house on the hill where Doctor Lane and his son Sammy live now. I don't know that Squire Reddy would be called rolling in riches nowadays, but he was a rich man when Rebecca was a girl. She was a grown-up young lady when I was a little girl going to school past her house every day, dressed in my long-sleeved apron and sunbonnet. Old Squire Reddy was looked up to as the richest man in the town, and coming from the best of families, all college-educated men. And his house was built in the fear of the Lord, with nails that were driven in to hold, and plaster put on to stay. In those days, too, it didn't



cost all creation to live, and live well. Rebecca certainly did live well in her father's time. I used to see her sitting on her front porch in her beautiful organdie muslins, with her long curls falling over her shoulders, and she was as smooth and handsome as a cat that has always been stroked the right way. She was a beauty, and the young men knew it. I used to see them sitting on the porch looking at her as if she were an angel with a harp and crown. There was one young man always there. His name was Thomas Dean. He was as good as gold, though he was very small, and he had a handsome face. He was well-to-do, too. He was a lawyer. He didn't have much practice, but he didn't need it. His father had left him plenty to be comfortable. Thomas set his eyes by Rebecca. He never made any secret of it, and folks used to sort of laugh. Sometimes I have wondered if that was the reason why Rebecca didn't seem to care more for him. He was so within

she seemed older than the women of her own age who had married, even though they were all dragged down by hard work and children. I suppose people make so much allowance for hard work and children in a girl's looks that they do a queer kind of example in subtraction, and think of her as being just as young and pretty as she ever was without them. Finally she didn't have any beaux left. Thomas Dean always kept up visiting her, but folks stopped thinking of him as being her beau. He just worshiped the ground she trod on, and seemed something like it, I guess, to her—that is, for a long while. The time comes once in a while when folks who have been trampling the ground all their lives look down and see flowers worth more than the stars in the sky to them. I guess it was that way with Rebecca, but I am getting ahead of my story.

"Rebecca was a good deal older than I was. You can't remember her at all I know. I wish you could. It seems like your missing a beautiful picture that I have hanging right before my eyes. I wish you could remember her the way she used to look, coming up the church aisle on Sabbath days, dressed in the sweetest organdies and the prettiest bonnets with wreaths of roses in the summers, and winters in beautiful rich silks and mantillas edged with fur. Rebecca had very handsome clothes as long as her father lived. Then they found out that he had bought a lot of land that wasn't worth anything and sold good securities to pay for it. I suppose as he grew older he was childish, and played with his dollars as if they had been blocks—built up things just to see them tumble down. When everything was settled, there wasn't much left for poor Rebecca, although there was enough.

"SHE had the house and a little money at interest, enough to pay taxes and just keep her going. There wasn't anything over for new clothes, so it was lucky she had such a store of them. It would have been luckier, though, if she had had sense enough to wear them the way they were, or had any knack at fixing them over. She didn't have a mite. Every time the fashion changed, Rebecca would try to make her clothes over, and they were always sights. It was all anybody could do not to laugh right out in meeting when Rebecca walked up the aisle after she had been fixing over her dresses. If she had only let them alone. Such beautiful things as she had—India shawls and lace shawls, and everything—but she made over one India shawl into a coat, and it was enough to make a cat laugh. But Rebecca Reddy wasn't satisfied with what a higher Providence had lotted out to her, and she reached up beyond her height for more, and pulled things all to pieces, and lost her own balance.

"THERE she had a beautiful old house to live in, and enough money at interest to pay the taxes and keep it in repair, and she had to pity herself, and complain, and get herself and everybody else stirred up. People used to drop in to see her a good deal, and she used to neighbor a lot as she grew older, and all she talked about was her deprivations and her hardships. I suppose she was honest enough about it. She had been such a beauty and a darling that she felt puzzled and injured because she didn't have what she knew she wanted and didn't know she wanted. Anyway, she got the whole town up in arms over her hard lot. Everybody was pitying her and thinking she had an awful time. She never lost a pretty little way she had, and she coaxed everybody round to her way of thinking until we were all about as mad as she was herself that she couldn't go dressed in the top notch of style and take trips round the world and live on roast swans. It was about a week before Thanksgiving, a good many years ago, that Aurelia Ames came to see me about Rebecca, and she shed tears. Aurelia was one of the sweetest women that ever lived, and most of her tears were for the

(Continued on page 30)



"It did look for all the world like a county fair or a great grocery establishment"

her reach always, and she knew it, and she knew that everybody else knew it, that he didn't look worth so much to her. Anyway, he used to sit on her porch whether the young men were there or not, and he was always ready to fetch and carry for her, if nobody else was handy; but time went on, and Rebecca didn't get married to him or anybody else. There was some talk about her falling in love with a grand young gentleman once when she visited in Boston, and his not fancying her, handsome as she was, but nobody ever really knew. It was all surmise. I always thought that it was just because she set such store by her own self, and thought more of her own self than anybody else, until her father died and she got old. I say old. She wasn't exactly old, but it was as if she had stood still and let youth run past her. She began to have an old-fashioned look, and

about was her deprivations and her hardships. I suppose she was honest enough about it. She had been such a beauty and a darling that she felt puzzled and injured because she didn't have what she knew she wanted and didn't know she wanted. Anyway, she got the whole town up in arms over her hard lot. Everybody was pitying her and thinking she had an awful time. She never lost a pretty little way she had, and she coaxed everybody round to her way of thinking until we were all about as mad as she was herself that she couldn't go dressed in the top notch of style and take trips round the world and live on roast swans. It was about a week before Thanksgiving, a good many years ago, that Aurelia Ames came to see me about Rebecca, and she shed tears. Aurelia was one of the sweetest women that ever lived, and most of her tears were for the



Collier's for Thank  
1911



*Steady, Now*

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



For Thanksgiving  
1911



dy, Now!

BY A. B. FROST



# Ab Eads's Milk-Fed Pumpkin.



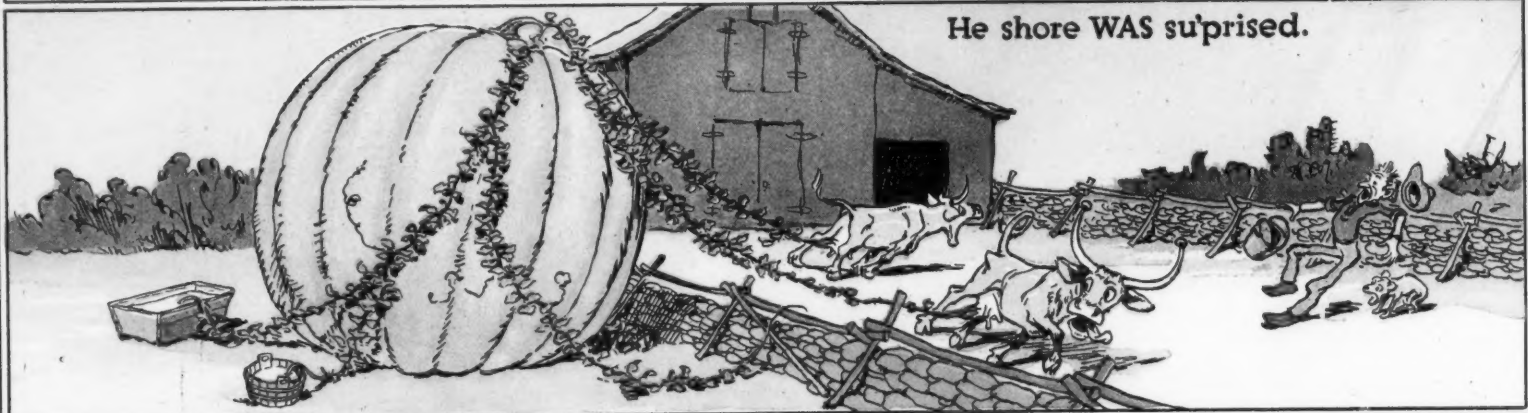
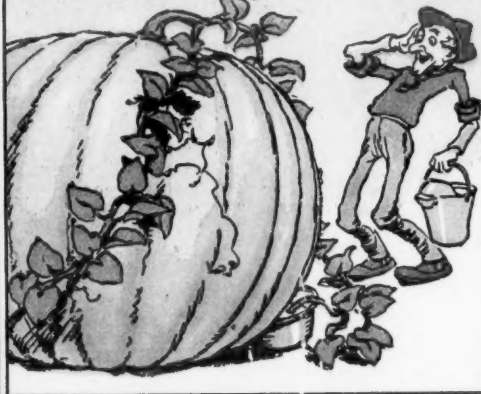
Ab got the idee out of a book, or somebuddy told him, or he dreamt it, or somethin'.



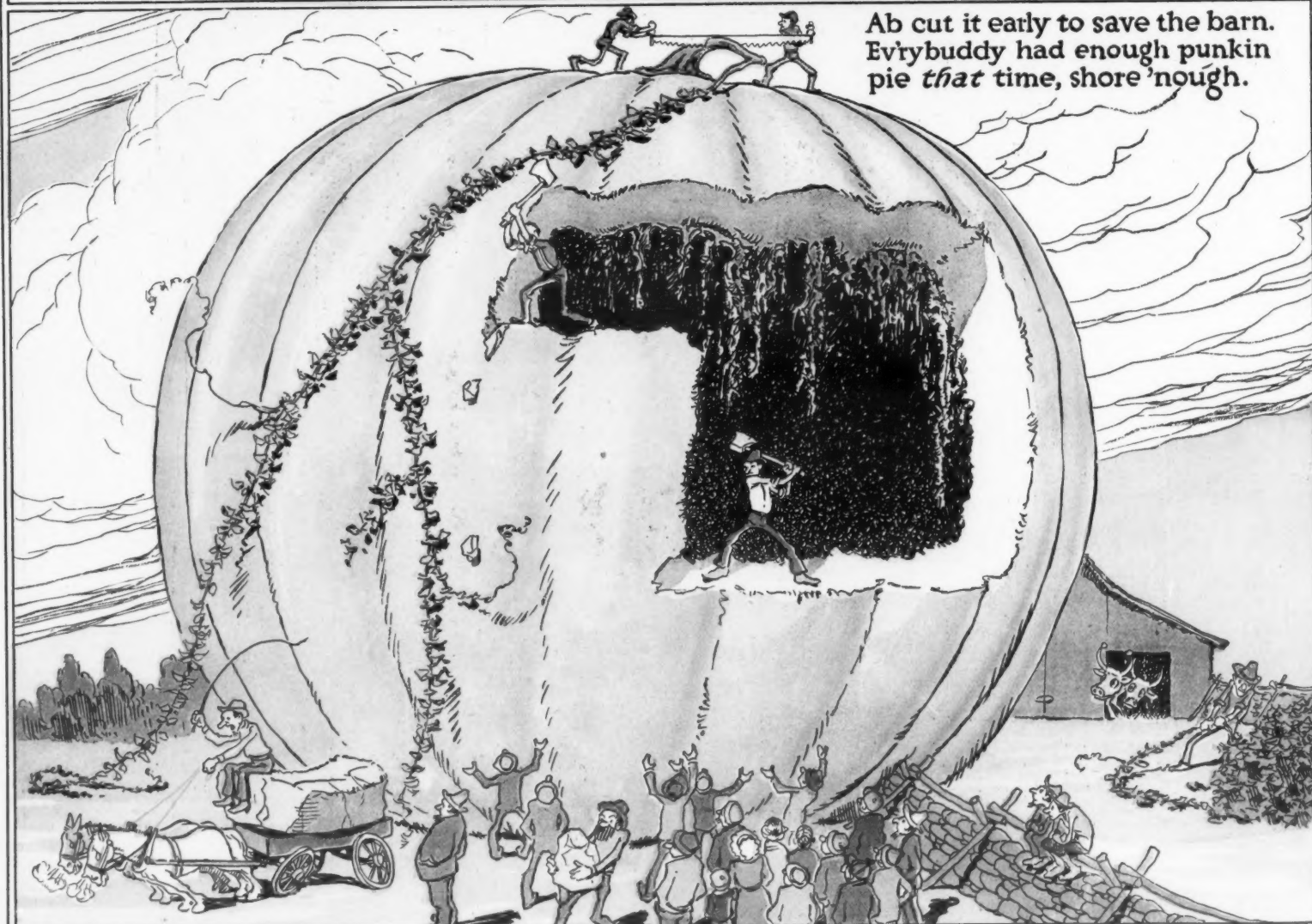
He 'lowed as how it might be better to use milk instid of water.



It was. Ab he was plumb su'prised.



He shore WAS su'prised.



Ab cut it early to save the barn. Ev'rybuddy had enough punkin pie *that* time, shore 'nough.

But it was careless of Ab, him leavin' them seeds layin' 'round, wa'n't it?



"I reckon," liberately, "it have a job of it's for some."

"I suppose, town to get fa and start a r Windy igno plan. But J "There com body can mal "Say, Billy down the road got a job for

BILLY pa and gla hint of a tole "I reckon," have a job of "No, hone



Billy Hor pick





# Buck-Eye Bridge and the Big Turkey

*A New Experiment in Successful Town-Boosting*

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

"WHAT we need is to be famous," remarked Windy Jim Davis.

A derisive laugh ran down the string of after-sundown resters that sat on the edge of the platform in front of Newton's hardware store.

"That's right," insisted Windy. "I'll bet if a feller was in Kansas City or Saint Louey and said he was from Buckeye Bridge, they'd say: 'Huh, where's that?'"

"I suppose," said Judd Thomas, "the way for this town to get famous is to buy that back forty of yours and start a rattlesnake ranch."

Windy ignored the laugh and started to propose a plan. But Judd Thomas interrupted him:

"There comes Billy Houck; let's ask him. If anybody can make this burg famous, it's him."

"Say, Billy," called Windy as he was about to pass down the road, which in town was called a street, "we got a job for you."

BILLY paused a moment, squinted his left eye and glanced down the line with the merest hint of a tolerant smile.

"I reckon," he said deliberately, "if you fellows have a job of any kind, it's for somebody else."

"No, honest, Billy," protested Windy Jim, "we

are in earnest. Buckeye Bridge is sorter puny; it needs stirrin' up; it ought to boom. As the Book says, it ain't known in the gates. What it needs is to get its name in the papers—to become famous; and we want you to take the contract."

One of Billy's infrequent smiles flickered across his face, and he remarked as he started on:

"There's lots harder jobs than that."

Directly Andrew Turner, who had started the discussion about the town's needs, got up and went down the street to his little frame office. He sat down in front of the rolled-top desk. On top of it were several dusty atlases, some agricultural reports, and a stack of old papers. On the walls hung large posters advertising Florida and Texas and Western lands for which he was the local agent, and of which he had never sold an acre. In one dim corner stood a bunch of tall, dead cornstalks—skeletons of last year's big crop.

Making Buckeye Bridge famous was not a joking matter with young Turner. He had spent many a sleepless night and many a hard-earned dollar trying to make the little town known to homeseekers in that moving, changing world beyond the hills.

A year before he had come to Buckeye Bridge and opened the only real estate office ever in the town. It was eighteen miles from a railroad; but good farming and grazing land was absurdly cheap, and the water and air delightfully clean and healthful. So strong was Turner's faith that he immediately invested every dollar of his savings in the land around the town, making small payments down, the rest to be paid in yearly installments. He felt perfectly sure the price of land would go up so rapidly he could sell at a good profit, before the remaining payments fell due.

But immigrants did not come. The town did not boom. Land, instead of going up, did not go at all. He could not sell it—couldn't even borrow money on it. A few payments would fall due that fall, most of them the next fall. He had spent every dollar he could raise in futile efforts to advertise the country. And now, unless something happened to draw immigrants, he was lost.

He closed the office and stood for a moment on the steps. The light had gone from the west, the stars were out, the south wind smelled of early spring. But the April night brought no thrill to him. He was restless and blue.

But up the street from the window of a large frame house the lights twinkled cheerfully. And when his mind strayed to the Minnis place, his feet soon followed.

"She won't be expecting me." He paused at the gate and whiffed the lilacs. "But she always seems glad to see me anyway."

A FEW days later Rose Minnis took dinner at Billy Houck's.

"Uncle Billy," she asked casually, "how do small towns ever become noted?"

"Why, Rose?" Billy asked innocently.

Rose tried to keep from blushing and grew red in the effort.

"Uncle Billy, don't tease," she begged. "I'm in earnest."

"I believe you are, Rose." And he smiled as she blushed more furiously than before.

"I reckon," he said thoughtfully as he pushed back his chair, "about the only way for a little town to get famous is to have something that nobody else has, or something bigger."

That evening after supper Billy went down the lane and crossed the bridge to the little town.

He paused in front of the hardware store, where the usual group of resters sat along the edge of the wooden platform, ridiculing each other, and dabbling their opinions in the slow current of human events which trickled to them through their weekly papers.

"Fellows," said Billy, resting his foot on the edge of the platform, "what is the biggest turkey you ever saw?"

"Well, sir, boys," began Windy Jim Davis, "in the fall of ninety-four I was huntin' on the north side of Pea Ridge—"

"Ah, Windy," broke in Judd, "he's askin' about real turkeys. The biggest one I ever saw"—he



"Uncle Billy," she asked casually, "how do small towns ever become noted?"

turned to Houck—"was that gobbler of yours last fall. Weighed fifty-one pounds, didn't it? And the hen thirty-six?"

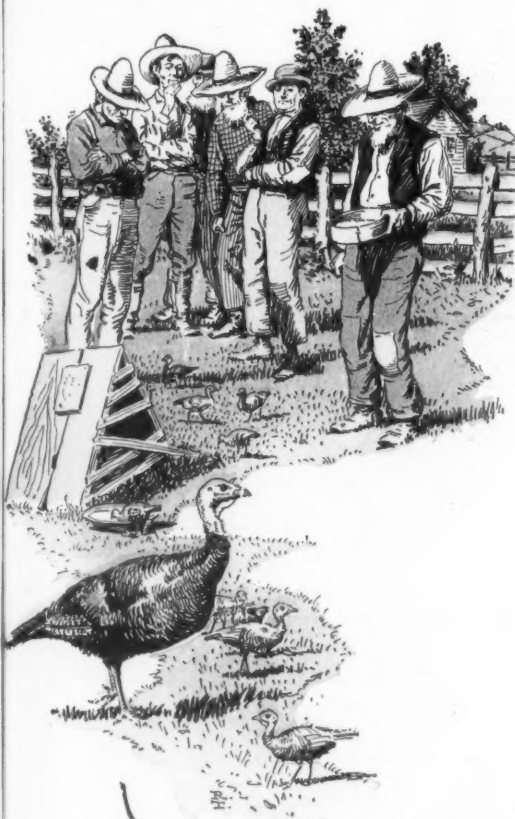
"Something like that. Now I've got a settin' of eggs from them due to hatch in about a week. And I reckon"—he squinted his left eye—"there ought to be some turkeys in that bunch. If Buckeye Bridge wants to try it, I'll give them the pick of the flock; and they can set out to raise the biggest turkey in the world."

The idea was received with enthusiasm.

"By goose," exclaimed Collins, "if we can do it, boys, it will make the town famous. And won't it fade that little red blot on the hill, called Sarvis Point?"

The proposition appealed to the town's droll sense of humor as well as ambition, and was accepted with alacrity. When the brood came off and the young turkeys were old enough to be taken from the hen, Billy Houck with a committee of five from the Bridge solemnly studied the good points of the ten young turks and picked out one as the likeliest grower.

At Billy's suggestion Andrew Turner was ap-



Billy Houck with a committee of five solemnly picked out one as the likeliest grower





Jim Davis, just from the post office, waving a paper in his hand wrathfully

pointed keeper of the turkey. And Andrew asked, and obtained, space in the Minnis poultry yard for the home of the future giant.

Young Turner found advice very plentiful in Buckeye Bridge that spring. Every day people called him over the telephone or came to his office to tell him things they knew—or thought they knew—about turkey raising. They sent him clippings from poultry journals, pictures of easy-to-make poultry devices from home magazines, and samples of poultry food by the dozens. Everybody was interested. Even Mrs. Weston, who had just come out from the city to visit her daughter, insisted on sending him a hand-made cravenette blanket to keep the young turkey from getting wet.

OF COURSE the Buckeye Bridge "Bugle" proclaimed under double headlines the news that the "Queen City of the Hills" had adopted a young turkey, and proposed to raise the largest turkey in the world.

The young turkey was weighed every week and its growth reported in the weekly "Bugle." And the town's hope of fame grew with the bird.

But late one afternoon early in August Windy Jim Davis, just from the post office, bore down on the string of resters, waving a paper in his hand wrathfully.

"I knowed they'd do it," he said with tragic disgust. "Of all the low-downed, sneakin', good-for-nothin', pizen rat-holes in the hills, that Sarvis Point takes the rotten punkin'."

"What's the matter now?" inquired several.

"Why, what do you suppose," replied Windy testily. "Would you guess they had built a orphan asylum, or repaired the church, or thought up something of their own? Well, I guess not. They have started to raise the biggest turkey in the world." He read from the Sarvis Point "Herald":

"The Buckeye Bridge 'Bugle' reports that their wonderful prize turkey weighs ten and one-half pounds at three months. Have to beat that, boys, or get clear off the perch. Sam Wago of Sarvis Point has a three months' old turkey that weighs thirteen and three-fourths pounds. Sam has offered to give it to the town; and we'll show our little backwoods village neighbor what a real turkey looks like."

"Don't that beat the Sam Patch!" "Of all the gall!" "They are so pizen mean strychnine wouldn't hurt 'em no more than tooth-powder." "I'll bet that turkey is a year old right now," were some of the comments which ran down the line.

IN A WEEK or two a few papers mentioned that Buckeye Bridge was not to have the biggest turkey after all—Sarvis Point was ahead. Then the turkey was scarcely referred to again. That one town had adopted a turkey and was trying to beat the record was interesting news. But if all the towns in the Ozarks were to be the mothers of turkeys, it was not worth mentioning.

And that was what made Buckeye Bridge so mad. They knew they could beat Sarvis Point raising turkeys, or doing anything else. But to have that "miserable, boasting, dishonest little railroad whistling station" jump in and spoil the honor was too much for human endurance.

"How is your turkey now?" queried the Sarvis Point "Herald," still trying to attract attention by controversy.

"Six months younger than yours," laconically replied the Buckeye Bridge "Bugle."

Then with a final effort to gain notoriety Sarvis Point through the "Herald" challenged Buckeye Bridge to weigh turkeys on Thanksgiving;

the losing town to pay for a free barbecue for the county.

Now Buckeye Bridge had never refused a challenge in its history. It had met its hated rival in a laughing contest, a hopping match, a whistling match, a dog race—in fact, in almost every conceivable contest of skill or wit, and nearly always, under the guiding genius of Billy Houck, had come out victor.

A COUNCIL was immediately called to discuss the situation.

"The trouble is," said Judd Thomas, "they ain't honest. They lie like snakes, and try to cheat." That was true.

"That turkey of their'n," said Bud Goins, "is at least ten months old. My wife's cousin Sarah, that lives two miles this side of Sarvis Point, says she knows positive that Sam Wago got that turkey from Bill Williams—and it was hatched last fall."

"Yes, that's the trouble," said Windy. "They'd change turkeys a dozen times and feed it on lead—or do anything, and then swear on a stack of Bibles that it was all fair and square. They are so pizen mean they'd steal the false teeth from a paralyzed pauper."

"But supposin'," suggested Billy Houck, squinting his left eye thoughtfully, "we put the contest off long enough for our turkey to get grown. Then I don't believe they could get one big enough to beat us."

That settled the matter. The Bridge promptly accepted the challenge—only, the date for the weighing must be October of the following year. The Point had to agree, especially as the taunt was thrown at them, that perhaps their turkey would be old enough by that time to die without complaint.

Forthwith it settled down into a fourteen months' race in turkey feeding. The weight of neither turkey was again reported. But in December a rumor crept out that the Bridge bird tipped the scales at twenty-seven pounds. And another rumor from somebody's cousin at the Point credited the enemy's turkey with only twenty-eight pounds.

In February another unofficial report said the turkeys were running neck and neck—thirty-four pounds apiece.

As the months passed the interest quickened. The entire population of the town was interested. The fever of the contest began to quicken the blood of the whole county, and the people seriously, jokingly, or laughingly lined up as partisans of one town or the other. They could afford to take it lightly, for it meant a free barbecue, whichever town won.

BUT all this interest and excitement was purely local and availed Andrew Turner nothing. From the land agent's viewpoint the town slumbered as soundly as before. Not a farm had changed owners in six months. No newcomers arrived. Even letters of inquiry were scarce. Most of the payments on his land came due that fall; and unless something happened to give the town real advertising, he was lost. But if Buckeye Bridge won the contest, then there would be a chance for some free advertising. On the strength of it he plotted one of his tracts into a small model poultry farm, and had five thousand descriptive circulars printed, ready to send out.

The end of the contest and the big barbecue was set for October 15.

The rivalry between the towns had grown hotter and hotter as the summer passed. But nothing further had been learned as to the weight of the turkeys. However, a wild rumor—too good to be true—went the rounds at the Bridge that the Sarvis Point turkey had quit growing two months before. And that the Bridge bird weighed—The weight was always spoken in a whisper, like a lodge password.

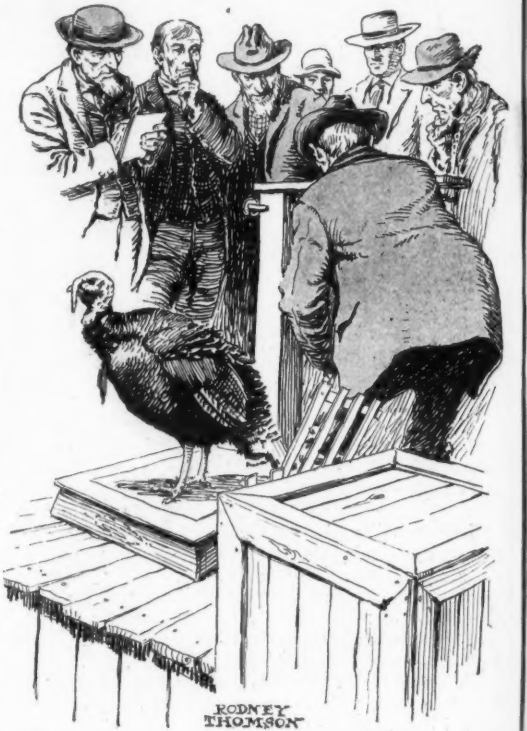
October the 15th the sun came up over the Ozark hills in the perfect glory of an autumn day. The place for the picnic was in a grove halfway between the two towns. All night experts had been working over long trenches filled with coals, turning beeves and mutton.

BY NINE O'CLOCK the sound of wagons and buggies and galloping horses was heard upon every road. By ten the woods were full of people. The whole county had taken a holiday; many of them coming twenty or thirty miles.

It was election year, and the morning was to be filled by the brass band and the candidates; at noon the barbecued beeves and muttons were to do the filling; and in the afternoon the big turkeys were to have the stage.

It was a good-natured, jolly crowd—as any crowd fed free, and fed a-plenty, is likely to be. There was much speculation but little information as to the weight of the contesting turkeys.

"This," said Judd Thomas dubiously at noon, wav-



The judges put the bird on the scales and registered the weight

ing at the long tables and helping himself freely, "is going to cost over five hundred dollars."

"Wish it was five thousand," said Windy Jim vindictively; and proceeded to increase the cost all his anatomy would allow.

But Judd shook his head uneasily. "We may have to pay it. My wife's sister, that lives at the Point, told her this morning they had changed turkeys three times in two months—and had scoured the country over for the biggest one to be found."

BUT Windy was not to be alarmed. "Billy Houck's at the bottom of this; and did you ever know him to come out at the little end of the horn? Our turkey is the biggest. There ain't nothin' big around Sarvis Point but their wooden heads."

At three o'clock the judges went on to the platform with carefully tested scales. From the left, two men came up the steps carrying a large crate; two others followed, closely guarding it. This was the Sarvis Point turkey. From the other side came four men, apparently groaning under the weight of another crate—and six men in close file guarded it. This was the Buckeye Bridge turkey.

The crowd laughed; but instinctively grew quiet as the judges

Two evenings later they loitered upon the bridge in the moonlight



Andrew Turner sat in his dingy office





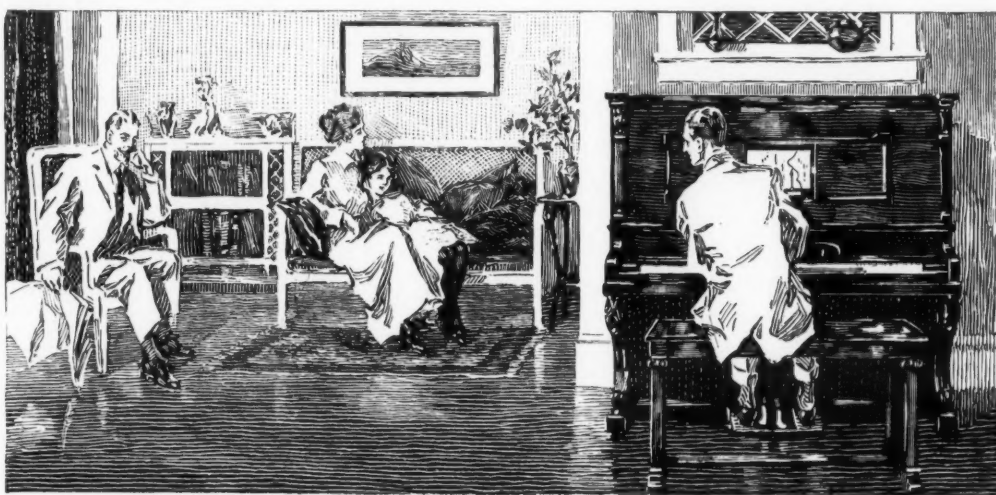
ROYAL OWNERS OF  
THE PIANOLA

# The World's Awakening

Sometimes it happens that a great movement is going on about us—it jostles our own small sphere and we awake to find a marvelous change in some custom or means for enjoyment, that we have been among the *last to realize*.

The world, today, is awakening to the appreciation of music. Composers, teachers, professional musicians, students of domestic sociology have been amazed at the swiftness with which all nations have turned to music within the past decade.

In Australia and New Zealand, in the Americas and Europe, this growing interest has been apparent. Germany—the classic stronghold of music, has felt it strongly; France and Italy, Spain and Portugal, Russia and Denmark; Rulers and people alike are turning to music as never before in history.



## Ability to Produce Music, Now Available to All

THE late Theodore Thomas once said, "Nothing so awakens an interest in music as *helping to make it*."

This is true. The world has taken a new and vital interest in music during the past ten years, because the world may now *take part in making it*.

Musical production, once the accomplishment of the few, is now the common possession of the many.

And musical authorities are unanimous in crediting the invention of the Pianola with being responsible for the World's Marvelous Awakening to Music.

## The Fascination of Personally Producing Music

THOSE who have not experienced the fascination of actually *playing a musical instrument*—of producing music—cannot possibly appreciate it. It is a pleasure unlike all others, and beyond words.

The musician gets something out of life that others miss. He would not sacrifice his hard won ability to play the golden treasures of Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin for anything else the world has to offer.

This ability the Pianola offers to all. It gives immediate mastery of the piano to its every possessor. No matter how little he previously may have known of music, it makes a *real musician of him*. It bridges the years ordinarily spent in learning how to play and ushers him at once into the *full joy of playing*.

It gives him a greater technical skill and a greater repertory than *any pianist possesses*. And it teaches him how to use this skill and this repertory, so that even Paderewski himself says of the performance of the Pianola, "*It is perfection*."

## The Pianola Piano

THE Pianola in its most modern, convenient and popular form is the Pianola Piano. This is a combination of a piano and the Pianola in one complete, compact instrument, playable both by hand and with a Pianola music-roll.

The success of the Pianola Piano has inspired many imitations. None of these, however, approach the Pianola Piano either in the fineness of its construction or in the important and patented features of its expression control.

The genuine Pianola Piano may be had as either the

STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, WHELOCK or STUYVESANT PIANOLA PIANO

Prices from \$550 up

Write today for free catalog "Z" containing illustrations, full descriptions and details of easy payment plan

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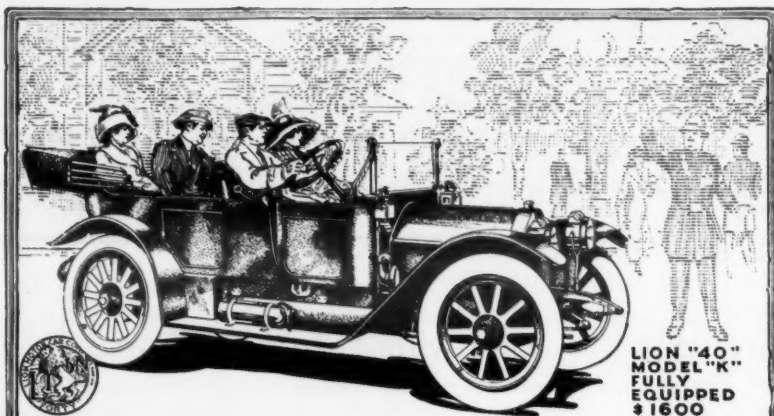
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## The Lion "40" Starts from the Seat

No cranking—No more wrenched backs and sprained or broken wrists—Simply the turning of a little switch on the dash, and the engine starts.

Do you realize what it means to have a car with a simple, positive, reliable, self-starting device—to be free from the labor and bother of the always obstinate crank—to get into the car and start the engine as easily as you would push the button of an electric light?

Big thing isn't it? Big and dominant and revolutionary as the other features of this masterful car—

***It is only one of the reasons  
why you should buy a Lion 40***

Note a few of the other points of striking superiority—

Full forty horsepower—unit power plant—all enclosed—An engine that responds instantly to every demand—that is quick, flexible, abundantly powerful. Equipped with positive self starter.

Full floating rear axle—Hess type—A characteristic heretofore of cars costing \$3,000 or more.

36x4-inch Firestone or Diamond tires, quick detachable.

Booth demountable rims—one extra rim furnished.

Enameled lamps—Searchlight tank—Silk mohair top.

Rain-vision wind shield.

Speedometer.

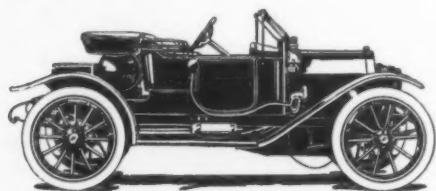
116-inch wheelbase—14-inch brake drums—both brakes internal expanding.

Wonderfully flexible, easy-riding springs—50 inches long in rear—40 inches in front.

Clean cut straight lines, foredoor body—handles and control inside. Full set brass robe and foot rails—Tools, repair outfit, etc., complete, \$1600.

Did you ever see specifications like that for anything but a high-priced car?

And the specifications tell only half of the story—Lion quality stands out pre-eminently in the day after day, year after year service it gives—It is a significant fact that no "Lion" owner ever envies the owner of any other car no matter what its price.



Motor, 40 H. P., Sliding Gear, 36x4" Tires, 116" Wheelbase  
Fully Equipped

**Write today for the  
1912 Catalog. It's a  
beauty, and it has a real  
story to tell.**

**We have an Attractive proposition  
for Dealers in territory not  
yet closed for 1912.**

**Lion Motor Car Company**  
604 Fulton St., Adrian, Michigan

put the Sarvis Point bird on the scales, and carefully registered the weight.

Then the crowd stirred a little, exchanged pleasantries and guesses, but once more grew quiet while the Bridge turkey was on the scale.

One of the judges came to the edge of the platform, a paper in his hand. The vast crowd grew instantly still—even the babies quit crying.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced sonorously, "the Sarvis Point turkey weighs forty-two pounds and six and one-half ounces."

HE paused. The crowd fluttered with excitement, but kept perfectly quiet.

"And, ladies and gentlemen, the Buckeye Bridge turkey weighs fifty-four pounds and five ounces."

A wild yell went up—and hats and handkerchiefs—and pandemonium followed. There was great rejoicing in Buckeye Bridge that night. Once more the old enemy had been vanquished. And now Buckeye Bridge, the home of the biggest turkey ever raised, had a chance to get its name in the papers.

Andrew Turner saw hope ahead. The story of the big turkey would get in the papers, there would be inquiries, and that would sell land—and then there might be a nice new cottage on those lots up North Street—and then— But the rest was too good to put into concrete hopes.

Yet a week had not passed before a hurry call went out, and the Bridgers gathered that evening in the hall used for town meetings.

Definite news had been received that afternoon that Sarvis Point was up to its old tricks. After being beaten fair and square, they were trying to steal the glory—they had, in fact, already written a letter to the President of the United States offering him their turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner.

What was to be done about it?

AFTER considerable discussion it seemed to be almost the unanimous opinion that Buckeye Bridge should hastily offer the President the turkey, together with proof that it was the biggest, and thus head off Sarvis Point.

But before the vote was taken Billy Houck arose, and squinting his left eye thoughtfully, made a very brief speech, and at the close moved that the big turkey be not given to the President, but to the poor widow Cummins and her six children.

They all nodded approval, for dearly as Buckeye Bridge longed for fame, its neighborly heart was stronger.

But it was a blow to Andrew Turner. It was the end of his advertising hopes. He sat in his dingy office until twilight. Before him was the stack of five thousand circulars describing his poultry land, in a pigeonhole was the unpaid bill for the printing.

"Oh, well, it is all over; the mortgagee will just have to take the land, and I'll hunt a job somewhere."

He locked his door, the bluest man in the State.

But up street the ever-cheerful lights shone from the Minnis windows.

He needed comfort, and went for it.

"I think it was splendid of you men to give that turkey to poor Mrs. Cummins," said Miss Rose warmly. "Won't it be a great Thanksgiving for those hungry children? Uncle Billy Houck came by and told me about it," she explained. "He wanted me to write Johnny Carlow at Chicago about it. Johnny used to live here and is a great friend of his. Uncle Billy says this turkey story is just the sort of a thing that amuses him."

"Yes—" said Turner doubtfully. "But—oh, well—" He changed the subject.

ONE Tuesday afternoon early in November the usual crowd had gathered in the post-office waiting for the mail to be put up. The postmaster had thrown out on the counter a bundle of sample copies of one of Chicago's leading dailies.

Several men and boys picked up copies and idly looked through them.

It was Windy Jim Davis's exclamation that brought the excited crowd around him just as Rose Minnis entered the store.

"Look here, Miss Rose," Windy excitedly held before her the open paper.

She took it, glanced at the page for a second, then hastily folded it, and hastened out of the store and up the street to Andrew Turner's office.

"See that." She held the open paper before him, her face flushed with the eager joy of the bearer of good news.

In the center of the page was the picture of a peaceful little town, nestled by picturesque hills beside a little river. It was Buckeye Bridge from Sunset Hill. And clear across the top of the page ran the headline:

**"THE TOWN THAT REFUSED TO GIVE THE  
PRESIDENT THE BIGGEST TURKEY"**

Turner's hands could scarcely hold the paper as he read the opening paragraph:

*"Buckeye Bridge in the Ozarks, the quaintest, most whimsical, most picturesque, and the best little town imaginable, has raised the biggest turkey in the world, and now refuses to give it to the President for his Thanksgiving dinner."*

Then followed the story, a gently humorous, touching story, of the offer by Billy Houck, of the adoption of the chick by the town, of its care and raising by Andrew Turner. Incidentally it spoke of the delightfully mild climate, the air and water wonderfully pure, and of the ideal opportunity for poultry raising. And how, under these conditions, the turkey had grown.

And then, touchingly, it told of the simple-hearted kindness of the people, who, rather than win notoriety by giving the big turkey to the President, had voted to give it, instead, to a needy widow and her hungry children.

Turner eagerly read to the last line. He quickly saw how that article would attract attention. There was news in it and human appeal. It would be caught up instantly by a hundred papers from New York to San Francisco.

He laid down the paper, his heart beating exultantly at the vision of coming sales.

"That means that I'll make—" he began, but, looking into her face flushed beautifully with the joy of his renewed hopes, he changed suddenly: "Say, Rose, I am going to build a cottage on those north lots. What do you think of this plan?"

TWO evenings later they loitered upon the bridge in the moonlight. Turner was exuberantly happy. The last two mails had brought more than fifty inquiries. And one was more than an inquiry—it was a letter from a wealthy widow in Kansas City who said Buckeye Bridge was just the sort of country town she had been seeking—a place suited to raising both boys and chickens; and begged him to hold three hundred acres of his best poultry land until she could arrive. And then Rose's hand rested lightly on his arm; and Rose's face was lifted dreamily to the moon as she listened to the musical baying of hounds on the hills and smelled the sweet incense of burning leaves.

Billy Houck came by returning from town.

"Uncle Billy," said Turner happily, "I thought you had ruined everything in giving that turkey away. But, as it turned out, it was the best thing that ever happened."

Billy squinted his left eye quizzically at the moon and chuckled: "I reckon, Andy, that turkey is goin' to help the preacher as well as the widder."

Rose turned her face quickly from the moon to hide the blush.

"Say," Andrew exclaimed with a sudden idea when Billy had passed on, "do you suppose he did the whole thing on purpose?"

"I wonder," And Rose smiled to herself in the shadow. "Anyway," she said softly, "he's a dear!"

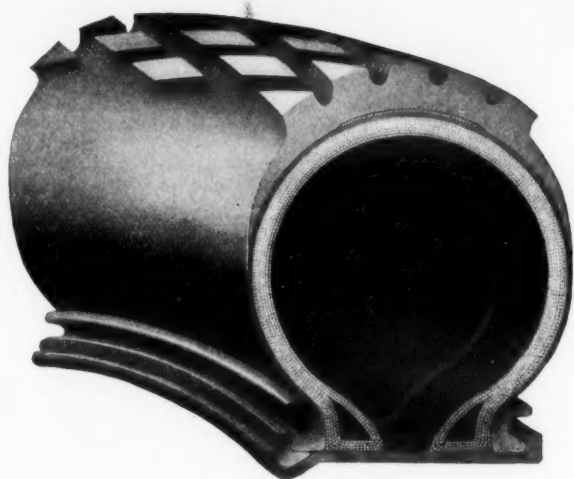
## The Horn of Plenty

(Continued from page 23)

troubles of other folks. When one came to think of it fair and square, Aurelia hadn't had any too fine a time in this world herself. Her husband had got the old-fashioned consumption before her two little girls were grown up, and she had had to dressmake. Then just when her husband had finally died, and she could draw a long breath, because, though she had thought a lot of him, he had been an awful care, and cross as a bear all the time, one of her girls got married to a worthless sort of chap, and had a baby

and died, and her husband skipped, and Aurelia had to take the child. Then the other girl, who was a real help to her mother, got consumption, the quick kind, and died, and Aurelia wasn't very strong herself, and working hard to support the baby, and the baby wasn't a pretty child, and sick a good deal, and when it was well chock full of mischief, but Aurelia never seemed to think she was an object of pity, not even for herself. So in she comes and shed tears over Rebecca Reddy. "Poor soul," says she. "There she was born





# Another Goodyear Invention

## The Utmost in Non-Skid Treads

We knew that you wanted a Non-Skid tread. Our experts have worked on it since 1908. We have tried out some 24,000 tires in our efforts to meet your requirements.

But tire users expect a Goodyear device to be utterly perfect---the very best of its kind. So we have waited three years to know that we had it. Now we offer you an ideal Non-Skid tread---a fitting addition to No-Rim-Cut tires.

### The Double Tread

This Non-Skid tread is almost as thick as our regular tread. It is vulcanized onto our regular tread, giving double thickness to the part that wears.

Think what that means. Instead of cutting these projections in our regular tread, we add another tread of the toughest sort of rubber. A rubber tread can never be made more impervious to wear. When it does wear off, you still have left our regular smooth-tread tire.

Another result is that you get a tire which is almost puncture-proof.

### Deep-Cut Blocks

This extra-thick tread permits deep-cut blocks, and these blocks widen out at the bottom, so the load is spread over as wide a surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. Note how we set them---so the edges and angles grasp the road surface in every direction.

The grooves between keep clean. They don't fill up. And the swish of

the air through them keeps the tire cool, avoiding the damage done by friction heat.

This tire tread is white. Its white, diamond-shaped blocks form the handsomest tread on the market.

Thus we do away forever with the need for ruinous chains. Metal projections are made utterly needless. Rubber and metal never combine, and the friction between them quickly ruins a tire.

Thus we do away with the small,

soft projections which wear such a little time. No non-skid device ever invented before can stand comparison with this.

Non-Skid tires are essential in winter. The risk of going without them is too great to take. We consider this tread---durable, effective and economical---as one of the greatest contributions we have made to this industry.

Our No-Rim-Cut tire with this Non-Skid tread forms the greatest winter tire in existence.

## No-Rim-Cut Tires---10% Oversize The Tires That Cut Tire Bills in Two---700,000 Sold

### 10% Oversize

In addition to this, No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. The extra flare, when the rim flanges curve outward, makes this extra size possible without misfit to the rim.

That means 10 per cent more air---10 per cent added carrying capacity

---without any extra cost. With the average car this increased capacity adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together---No-Rim-Cut and oversize---under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as other standard tires. The saving is entirely clear.

### No Hooks---No Bolts

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. No bolts are needed to hold them on. Through the tire base on each side run three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These bands make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force the tire off of the rim. When the tire is inflated it is held to the rim by 134 pounds to the inch.

So your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are simply reversed. They are set to curve outward, instead of inward, so the tire comes against a rounded edge. About 96 per cent of the rims that are made---quick-detachable or demountable---take No-Rim-Cut tires.

This braided wire feature which makes this type possible is controlled by our patents. With any other device this type of tire is not practicable. And the old clincher tire is doomed. That is why the demand has lately centered so largely on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Our latest Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The greatest sensation ever known in tire history has been the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

The control of this tire has multiplied our tire sales six times over in the past two years. Its sales to date exceed 700,000 tires. And we are equipping ourselves for next year to make 3,800 per day.

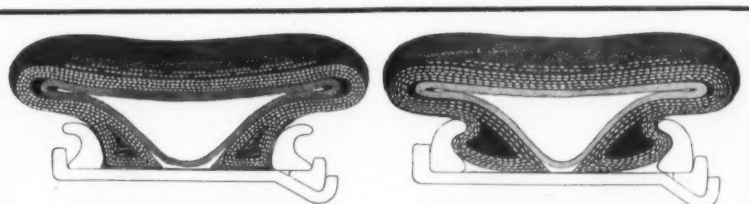
Every motor car owner who studies the subject is bound to adopt these tires.

### 23% Are Rim-Cut

We have examined thousands of ruined clincher tires. And 23 per cent, by actual count, have been rim-cut. Out of 700,000 No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

A clincher tire, if punctured, may be wrecked in a single block. No-Rim-Cut tires have been run deflated as far as 20 miles.

According to our figures, this avoidance of rim-cutting saves nearly one-fourth on tires.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

Ordinary Clincher Tire

Both on the same rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed to use the No-Rim-Cut type.

# GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires  
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Erie Street, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

[394]

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Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

## Have a Merchant Tailor Make Your Next Suit

*Shackamaxon*

There's an immense satisfaction in wearing a merchant-tailored suit. You get the perfect fit that is possible only when a fabric is fitted to you in the making—and by choosing *Shackamaxon* Guaranteed Fabrics, you get patterns that are absolutely exclusive.

*Shackamaxon* fabrics are today the favorite cloths among merchant-tailored men. They are not found in ready-made suits. Woven of the finest grades of pure Australian and domestic wool, they combine wonderful softness, great beauty and long wear.

The new chevots and finished and unfinished worsteds for fall and winter may now be seen at most any good tailor's. Ask to see them.

Always look for the name "*Shackamaxon*" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't *Shackamaxon*.

Write us for the new *Shackamaxon* fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling *Shackamaxon* fabrics.

*Shackamaxon* Mills

J R KEIM & CO

Philadelphia

**"Shackamaxon"**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**Guaranteed Fabrics**

## D. & P. GLOVES

OUR Guarantee lifts glove buying out of the fog of chance and uncertainty and not only safekeeps you when you buy, but safeguards you after you've bought. This Guarantee reads:

"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is guaranteed not to rip. Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket and a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge."

Go to your dealer and ask him for *D. & P.* Gloves. You'll find *D. & P.* Make inside the wrist. These gloves are soft and supple, not harsh and "lumpy". They mellow with use. The sizes are accurate—the "feel" delightful—the clasps and buttons won't come off. The ideal Thanksgiving remembrance is a pair of *D. & P.* Gloves.

"D. & P." Gloves, retail for \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and up, and as low as \$1. If your regular shop can't serve you with "D. & P.", write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our dainty Glove Book A from which you can order by mail. Address

The DEMPSTER & PLACE CO.  
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

Squire Reddy's daughter, and used to have everything, and she can't even have a turkey for her Thanksgiving dinner.' All Aurelia was going to have was a roast of pork, but she didn't seem to think of that, and all I was going to have was a chicken, but I must say I didn't think of that myself. I remember that I felt about as much wrought up as Aurelia did over Rebecca. I don't think I shed any tears. I never was easy to cry, but I was wrought up. 'It is dreadful,' says I. You see, I called to mind that beautiful girl sitting all dressed up with her beaux around her on her front porch when I was going by to school, and I remembered how grand the great dining room in the squire's house was, with its Turkey carpet, and mahogany furniture, and great sideboard, and solid silver service, and willow ware, and pictures with wide gold frames, and the dinners Rebecca must have been used to, and it did seem rather dreadful to think of her sitting down on Thanksgiving Day to eat a hen that she had raised herself, or most likely it would have been a rooster. She would have kept the hens, of course. But Aurelia, she put it hen. It did sound more pitiful. She just sat and wept in a soft, quiet way that made me feel about as sorry for her as for Rebecca. 'To think of that poor soul, brought up as she was, not having even a turkey—nothing but a hen—' says Aurelia in that lovely trembling voice of hers. Then I sat up straight. 'If you don't think she will be offended she shall have the very best turkey that I can buy at Peters's,' says I.

"She needn't know it—that is, she needn't know who sent it," says Aurelia. 'I thought I would send her a couple of my mince pies, with just a line saying they came from a constant old friend and admirer, not because she needed them, but just because she lived alone, and might not be making mince pies just for herself. I haven't got it worded just right yet.'

"I SAID I thought it was a good plan, and I would send the turkey, and would write something after Aurelia's plan to go with it. Aurelia went home a little comforted, but I could see her wipe her eyes now and then as she went down the street. If everybody were as tender-hearted as Aurelia Ames was, one-half of creation would drown out the other half with tears of pity for its troubles. As I look back I think Aurelia was almost too tender-hearted. I wasn't so much so, but I think sometimes such things are sort of catching. There really was no more hardship for Rebecca to have a chicken for her Thanksgiving dinner than for me, but it looked so then, and I couldn't seem to see it any other way.

"So I went to Peters's market. We always called it Peters, but Sam Rumson kept it. Peters had moved out West long before. I didn't get to the market till two days before Thanksgiving. I had a bad cold, and when I did go I was a little afraid I might be careless. But I kept thinking of poor Rebecca Reddy with nothing for her Thanksgiving dinner but a hen, and I bundled up and I went, though it was a raw day. When I got to the market, Rumson had just two turkeys left, one was big enough for a hotel, weighed somewhere around eighteen pounds, and the other wasn't worth looking at, not much bigger than a good-sized chicken, with a long, thin neck, and all bristling with pin feathers, as miserable-looking a turkey as any I ever set eyes on. 'Seems to me you have pretty well sold out your turkeys,' says I to Sam Rumson, and he grinned. 'Well, it's near time to,' says he.

"Haven't you got any except these two?" says I, looking at the big one and the little skinny one.

"These are all I have left," says Rumson. Then he looks at the big one. 'That's the finest bird I've had brought in this year,' says he. 'That is a prize bird for a State fair, that is.'

"But I don't want a prize bird for a State fair," says I. 'I only want a turkey for one woman, and I should think she could never live long enough to dispose of that, even if he kept.'

"Keep all right," says Rumson. He was a sharp one. 'It's cold enough now to keep anything.'

"That's so," says I, 'but I never heard of buying a turkey that size for one woman.'

"I've seen women that eat as hearty as men," says Rumson, 'and this bird will make mighty good eating.'

"WELL, the outcome of it was I was goose enough to buy that turkey. He was big enough to send to the President, weighed over eighteen pounds, and I sent with it, written real nice on gilt-edged paper, a note. I can remember every word of it. I made it up when I was housed

with my cold. This was what I wrote: 'Miss Rebecca Reddy, Dear Madam—Please accept from an old friend this slight token of a lifelong admiration and respect, and may it conduce to a happier Thanksgiving than you would otherwise have had.' I wasn't quite satisfied with what I wrote. I did wish I had your father to word it for me, and I must say I felt kind of tickled when I thought of calling that monstrous turkey a 'slight' token. It struck me, whatever else he was, he wasn't slight. When I told Rumson to have the turkey sent to Miss Rebecca Reddy, I noticed his face change a little. He looked as if he'd started to laugh, then choked it back, and acted as solemn as a deacon. I paid him for that turkey, and went home as fast as I could, because it was getting late, and I was afraid of catching more cold. I stopped in the drug store and got some horehound drops and went right home. I had my little Thanksgiving work about done, a few pies made, and the chicken was all ready to stuff next day. After I had had my supper, I sat down and read the night paper, then I got to thinking hard about that big turkey, and Rebecca Reddy, and then I felt sort of dizzy with 'it all. I began to wonder what I had to be thankful for myself. I had enough to live on and a little over, but not much, and I was all alone, and I had influenza. I began to feel sort of complaining myself. Then all of a sudden I gave it all up. Says I to myself: 'It's just right and as it should be that you have what you have. It's your slice of the good things of life. Take it and hold your tongue, or you'll get something worse.'

"AFTER I had finished the paper, I read a while in a real interesting storybook I had from the village library, and sucked my horehound drops, and toasted my feet. Then I went to bed and had a good night's rest, and when I waked up next morning my cold was about gone, and I went to work stuffing my chicken and making a little pudding, and was as happy as could be, though every now and then the queer, puzzled feeling about Rebecca Reddy and that whopping turkey I had sent her would come over me. I remembered how Aurelia had shed tears, and how the whole village was harrowed up over Rebecca, and I could not just understand it all.

"Well, Thanksgiving morning came. It was a beautiful day. I thought I would go to meeting. I knew I could leave the stove so the chicken wouldn't burn, and I had just got it in the oven, and was going upstairs to get dressed, when in comes Aurelia as pale as a sheet and all of a tremble. 'Oh,' says she, 'do come over to that poor soul's just as quick as you can! Get the camphor bottle and come. I've got a bottle of my blackberry wine. I don't know as it will do a mite of good.'

"What are you talking about?" says I. 'Oh,' says she, and sort of sobs: 'Poor Rebecca!'

"What about her?" says I. 'She's got a bad spell,' says Aurelia. 'Do come quick as you can! I didn't fetch my camphor bottle. Maria Liscom just run in and told me. Her little girl had been over to carry some celery, and she found that poor soul in a spell, and she run all the way home to tell her ma. Maria has gone right over there.'

"How about the doctor?" says I, getting my shawl and knit hood out of the sitting-room closet.

"Maria sent her Lilly for the doctor," says Aurelia. 'Have you got the camphor bottle?'

"I had a good-sized camphor bottle, and I hugged it up under my shawl and we started on a run for the Reddy house. On the way the doctor passed with his old horse at a gallop. 'Oh, dear; oh, dear!' says Aurelia. 'There goes Doctor Simson, but I know it's too late. Poor Rebecca!'

"She isn't dead yet," says I, all out of breath.

"You don't know. Oh, you don't know," says Aurelia.

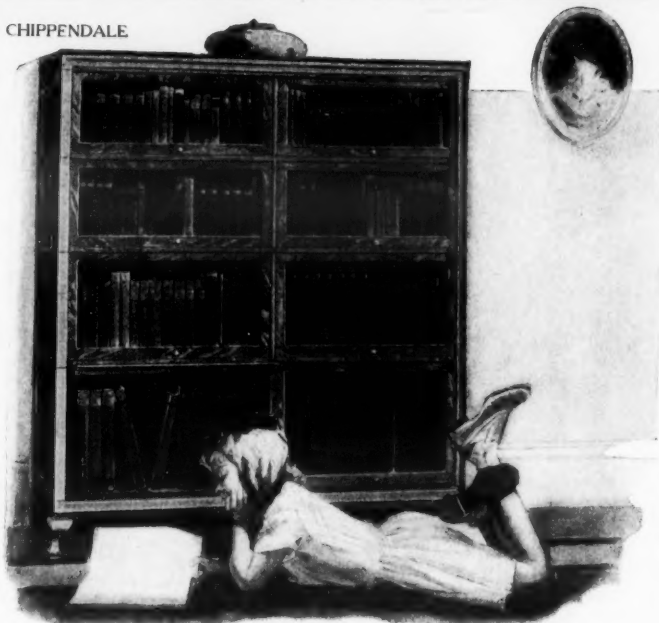
"I CERTAINLY didn't know, but I remember feeling thankful that she couldn't have had time to even cook that big turkey, let alone eat him, so if she was dead, I hadn't killed her. Then we went on till we come in sight of Squire Reddy's, and there was a whole crowd of folks standing around the front door and going in, and horses and buggies were hitched outside the fence beside the doctor's.

"When Aurelia and I got to the door we heard what everybody standing there was listening to. It was a queer noise. It wasn't crying and it wasn't laughing, and it wasn't groaning, and it wasn't talking—at least not then, but it was something betwixt them all.

"She must be dreadful sick," says Clara Todd. Clara was a pretty young girl, and



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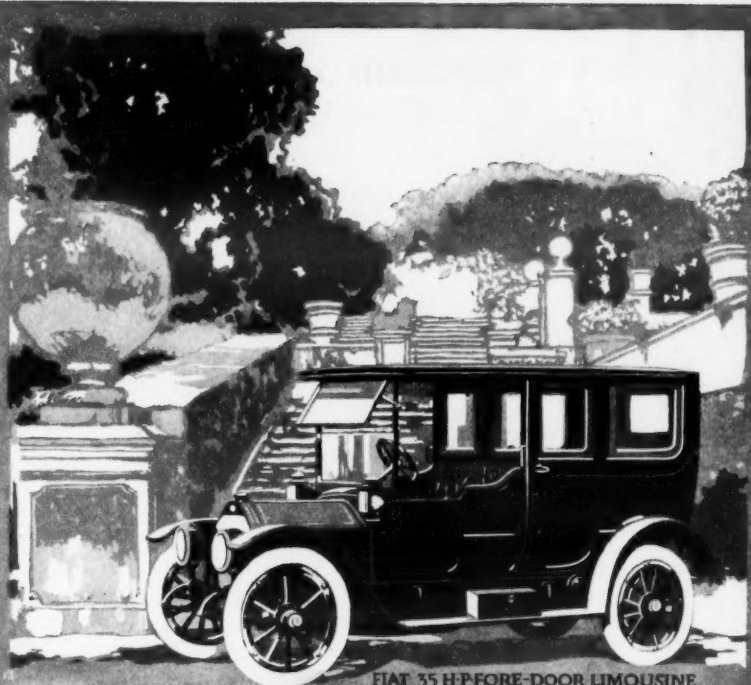
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When you sit down to an ordinary player piano, you find you are required to pump the pedals, to watch the music roll, and to juggle levers and buttons all at the same time.

You find the music roll literally covered with red lines, dotted lines, zigzag lines, Italian symbols, numbers, and the like—all of which are intended to show you how to juggle the buttons and levers.

By the use of your Reason, you have to learn the meaning of these instructions on the roll, and only by the use of your Reason can you carry out these instructions. Thus you play by reason, and it is this reason playing that makes the player piano sound mechanical.

Reason is a thing for doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists to conjure with. But music, like all art, is Instinct. It is created by Instinct and must be recreated (played) by Instinct.

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centing and modulating buttons, and your right on the tempo lever. Then close your eyes and begin to pedal.

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she had run without her hat, and her yellow hair was ruffling all over her head, and her cheeks were pale and her blue eyes big.

"It is a dreadful spell," gasps Aurelia. "She never will get over it."

"Then Aurelia and I went through the crowd into the house. As soon as I went in I smelled celery and cake and spice. The whole house smelled rich and sweet. Folks were standing peering into the dining room, and Aurelia and I headed for there. There lay Rebecca on the floor, with the doctor down on his knees feeling her pulse, and she was keeping right on making those awful noises, but in spite of my feeling so scared about her, I couldn't help fairly jumping at the sight that room was, and the sight the sitting room was—the door stood open—and the sight the hall was. It did look for all the world like a county fair, or a great grocery establishment. Chickens and turkeys and roasts of pork and hams were lying all around. The air seemed fairly bristling with those stiff fowls' legs. And there were bunches of celery everywhere and stacks of pies and cakes and puddings, and nice little glass dishes of jelly, and bowls full of nuts and raisins, and vegetables. There were bushels of onions and turnips and potatoes and beets. There were Hubbard squashes and pumpkins. There were baskets of apples and oranges and eggs, and paper bags full of goodness knew what. I never had seen anything like it. I felt as if I might have a spell myself. 'What in creation does it all mean?' says I to Aurelia. Then she gives me a nudge and sort of pointed with her chin, and I looked, and there was poor Thomas Dean. He had an enormous paper bag under his arm, and the paper had broken and some nuts and candy were tumbling out. There Thomas Dean stood looking at that woman he had worshiped ever since he knew what worship meant having a spell, and the tears were rolling right down over his cheeks. Thomas Dean had kept his looks better than Rebecca had done. He was a real handsome little man, and he was so good and so worried over his precious Rebecca.

"AURELIA looked at him, then at me, and the tears ran down her own cheeks. 'She must have had all this sent in,' says Aurelia, sort of choking, 'and it must have been too much for her.'

"That was exactly what had happened. Rebecca had had her piece of pie, that Providence thought suited to her, lotted out to her, and she had rebelled, and this was the outcome. Doctor Simson looks round finally and sees me, and I guess he knew I was to be depended on, for he calls out real rough—he was a pretty rough-spoken old man—'Mrs. Armstrong, for God's sake, come here and shut the doors and keep all the rest of the fools out.'

"When I came to think of it afterward, it didn't sound so very complimentary to me—sounded as if he classed me in with the rest, but I did just as he told me to. I faced round on the others, and I says: 'You all hear what the doctor says,' and with that the folks seemed to scurry out like a parcel of hens, and I locked the doors. When I turned round, though, there was Thomas Dean left. He had sort of huddled into a corner, and there he stood, staring with his pitiful brown eyes, holding his paper bag, with the things all dropping out of it. Doctor Simson saw him, and he sort of laughed. 'You are the biggest fool of all, Thomas,' says he, 'but you can stay. Now, Abby Armstrong, get me a tumbler half full of water.'

"I HAD to slip out into the kitchen for that, and the folks were all out in the entry staring, and the kitchen was heaped up with things worse than the other rooms. There was a turkey half stuffed on the table, and my big turkey was on the floor, and Rebecca's cat was smelling it, and I drove her away. I got the water, and went back, and locked the door after me, and the doctor dropped some medicine into the tumbler. Then he lifted poor Rebecca's head, and it actually waggled, and he fairly yelled at her: 'Here, you, stop this confounded noise and drink this,' and Thomas Dean gave a sort of leap forward, and Doctor Simson shouted at him: 'Keep away, man. It is the only way to treat her.' Then the doctor yelled at Rebecca again: 'Here, you, drink this or—' and

poor Rebecca, she stopped and swallowed the medicine as meek as a lamb. But in a second, after she had got her wind, she talked connectedly. 'Oh,' says she, in that high, screeching, cackling voice, 'that sounded like a parrot's. Oh, oh! Twenty-seven turkeys, fourteen chickens, seven roasts of pork, sixteen hams, eighteen cakes, fifty-three pies. Oh, twenty-two!' Then the doctor shook her, though Thomas Dean made as if he would knock him down for it. 'You let me alone, Thomas,' says Doctor Simson. 'I know what I am about.' Then he shook her again, and she stared at him like a helpless baby. 'You just stop,' says he, and she did stop.

"Now," says he to me, 'you do seem to have a few wits left. Thomas and I will help her upstairs, and you can undress this woman and get her to bed.'

"It was lucky that there was a staircase running out of that room beside the one in the front entry. Doctor Simson and Thomas Dean—Thomas had set his paper bag down on the floor, and it was slowly collapsing, while nuts and raisins and oranges and all sorts of things gathered round it—helped Rebecca upstairs, and I got her undressed and put her to bed. I don't know what Doctor Simson had given her—he had the name of giving real strong medicine—but her head hadn't more than touched the pillow before she was quiet, and she sunk right off to sleep like a baby. I heard afterward that the doctor said he had never seen a worse case of hysterics, and she had a weak heart and it might have been dangerous.

"WHEN I got back downstairs, Doctor Simson was talking to the folks. 'Now,' says he, 'all of you take what you have brought, or sent here, and get it home. I have been as big a fool as anybody else, and pretty near killed a woman I've known since she was knee-high and always thought a good deal of. I knew Rebecca had enough to get along with, and that she was only amusing herself nursing her grievances instead of a baby, and didn't want to part with them, and I sent her a turkey, when she would enough sight rather have had one of her own chickens, and thought while she ate it that she was a blessed martyr. My turkey is the one she was fixing to cook. I'll leave that, but the rest of you sort out what you have sent her and get it out of this house, or I won't answer for the consequences.'

"Well, they just hustled around, and it was like a moving grocery establishment. Thomas Dean left his paper bag and went home, walking sort of slow, with his head bent, but everybody else took away their contributions. Aurelia and I stayed and finished dressing the turkey and getting the rest of the dinner started. Then Aurelia took hold of the neck of my big turkey, and I took hold of the feet, and we carried him out in the woodshed. 'I will get Sammy Joyce to come with his express wagon and get him by and by,' says I; 'then you and your grandchild come over Sunday and help eat him. He'll keep.'

"We finished getting Rebecca's dinner, and by that time Susan Jones, the nurse, had come. Doctor Simson had sent her. She said as soon as Rebecca waked up, she would see that she ate her dinner, and she had seen a great many cases of hysterics and she knew just what to do. Then Aurelia and I went home."

LUCILLA had been listening interestedly. "Is that all?" said she.

"No," said her sister. "Rebecca Reddy, she got married to Thomas Dean the next June, and came out bride the first Sunday in a beautiful old organdie that she hadn't made over. It had a sort of running pattern of roses over it, and the skirt was full and just showed the little pointed tips of her feet when she stepped up the church aisle with Thomas, and she wore a narrow green ribbon round her waist, and a big hat trimmed with lilacs, and a fall of white lace over the brim, and she looked beautiful, like a rose that had been freshened up in some queer kind of water of the spirit. As for Thomas Dean, he looked as if he had reached the goal that he had been looking forward to all his life. Then they lived together in the old Squire Reddy house, and were as happy as could be, and they both died within a week of each other, and are buried in the Reddy lot with myrtle all over their graves, and I for one don't doubt that they are happy





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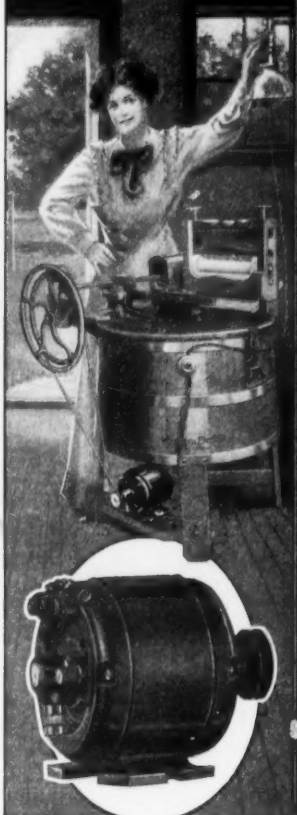
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**ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY 602 WATERLOO STREET DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

together in heaven. Rebecca must have liked Thomas all the time, only she was looking too high, and missed the flower at her feet for the sake of straining after the star in the sky that maybe wasn't worth while if she had got it."

Lucilla looked at her sister, and smiled with a charming little shamed blush. "Maybe I am like Rebecca Reddy," said she.

HER sister looked puzzled. "I don't know what you mean, I guess, Lucilla."

"Maybe I have been staring at stars, which I wouldn't have any use for if I got them, and not taking the flower at my feet that I really need to round out my horn of plenty," said Lucilla, "for my horn of plenty has not been quite complete after all, sister."

"I don't know what you mean now."

Lucilla's blush deepened. "I mean Sammy Lane," said she.

Abby laughed. "You mean Sammy Lane is the flower?"

Lucilla laughed, too, a little nervously. "I suspect he always has been," said she, "but you see, Abby, I got accustomed to thinking he was just Sammy, and he has always been at my feet, and when I went to New York I saw men who were not just Sammy, and had not always been at my feet, and though I didn't really want them, I got more unsettled, but now I think I may as well make up my mind that a flower which will always be at its best for me is about all I need, though Sammy is a funny kind of flower." Lucilla laughed again, and Abby also.

"Sammy is rather a good-sized flower," said she. "You might as well call him a tree."

"But that does away with your lovely horn-of-plenty idea," said Lucilla. "No, Sammy is a flower, and I'll look no higher than Sammy for the rest of my life."

"You will have a good home and a good husband," said Abby with a little sigh, "and you will never have to fill your horn of plenty with lost happiness, as some do, unless you lose to find, and that is not really losing."

"I saw Sammy last night at Lizzie's," said Lucilla, "and he asked me again coming home, and I told him I would give him his answer to-day."

"That is why you put on your blue dress?"

"Yes."

"When do you expect him?"

"Any time now. He had to make some calls over in Amity this afternoon, and he said he would stop on his way home."

"I hope he won't get the medicines mixed wrong, because he doesn't know exactly what you will say."

"SAMMY will never get the medicines mixed wrong, no matter what I say," returned Lucilla rather proudly. "I think possibly that is what makes Sammy a flower." Lucilla had all the time been stealthily peering out of the window through the drifting veil of the northeast snowstorm to the obliterated road. Now she saw a shadowy movement through the gray blue of the storm. "I think he is coming now," said she.

"Take him into the parlor," said Abby Armstrong, "and ask him to dinner to-morrow."

Lucilla ran out with a flutter of blue skirts, and Abby Armstrong continued her homely tasks, which are the accompaniment to the melody of love in life. "To think she was just fretting because she didn't know what she really wanted was hers all the time," she thought.

Abby Armstrong listened to the hum of tender voices from the parlor, and commenced beating eggs in a yellow bowl.

She had a restrained but poetical soul. She seemed to see her young sister holding in her two fair hands a gilded metaphorical horn of plenty, crowned with young Sammy Lane's handsome face set about with flower petals.

And she saw in the rapturous grasp of her own heart her happy past days and others happy beyond belief waiting for her.

"Everybody has all they really need for the good of their own souls if they count up the past and future as well as the present," Abby Armstrong said quite aloud, and in her voice was a true chord of thanksgiving.

**DIAMONDS ON CREDIT**

This diamond ring is our great special. Only the finest quality pure white diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy are used. Each diamond is skillfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 6-prong ring mounting.

**For Christmas Presents**

L-1220 14k gold \$25 \$5 Down \$2.50 a Month

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The three rings here shown are the most popular, although we show all sizes in our large, handsome Catalog. Each ring is solid 14-karat gold, and is set in a handsome dark blue velvet ring box with white satin lining. All you have to do is to ask us to send you a Ring on approval. It will be sent at once, all charges prepaid. If you are not perfectly satisfied that it is the biggest bargain you ever saw, return it at our expense.

Send for Christmas Catalog, telling all about our easy Credit Plan. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, for Christmas Gifts, at bargain prices. We give better values and easier terms than any house in America.

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamond Cutters,**  
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is desirable

**Protection from Fire**

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These two features—important to every office—are combined in

**THE SAFE-CABINET**

Holds four times as much as a safe the same size. Weighs so little one man can move it as desired. Interior adjustable to your needs.

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Sizes for all purposes, including small designs for private dwellings, apartments, and individual offices.

**Write for Booklet N 2**

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Dept. N Marietta, Ohio

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Pen points to suit any hand—broad point, fine point, etc.

Any stationer or jeweler will show you a selection of

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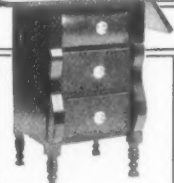
Only \$27.25  
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East of the  
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Size of Chest:  
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Our booklet sent on receipt of stamp. Address  
Fine Grove Collie Kennels, Lake Roskonkoma, Long Island, N. Y.

## The Private Detective's Work

*Common Sense the Chief Requisite for the  
Secret Agent's Success*

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Two articles by Mr. Train on the real detective have appeared in *COLLIER'S*—"Detectives and Detective Work" in the issue of August 5, and "Detectives Who Detect" on September 16. New York's Central Office men—the official detectives—were taken up in the article of September 16; below is a brief chapter on the agency trailers:

**T**HERE are two classes of cases where a private detective must needs be used, if indeed any professional assistance is to be called in: first, where the person whose identity is sought to be discovered or whose activities are sought to be terminated is not a criminal or has committed no crime, and, second, where, though a crime has been committed, the injured parties cannot afford to undertake a public prosecution.

For example, if you are receiving anonymous letters, the writer of which accuses you of all sorts of unpleasant things, you would, of course, much prefer to find out who it is and stop him quietly than to turn over the correspondence to the police and let the writer's attorneys publicly cross-examine you as to your past career at his trial. Even if a diamond necklace is stolen from a family living on Fifth Avenue, there is more than an even chance that the owner will prefer to conceal her loss than to have her picture in the morning paper. Yet she will wish to find the necklace if she can.

When the matter has no criminal side at all the police cannot be availed of, although we sometimes read that the officers of the local precinct have spent many hours in trying to locate Mrs. So-and-So's lost Pomeranian, or in performing other functions of an essentially private nature—most generously. But if, for example, your daughter is made the recipient, almost daily, of anonymous gifts of jewelry which arrive by mail, express, or messenger, and you are anxious to discover the identity of her admirer and return them, you will probably wish to engage outside assistance.

### Your Bookkeeper as Detective

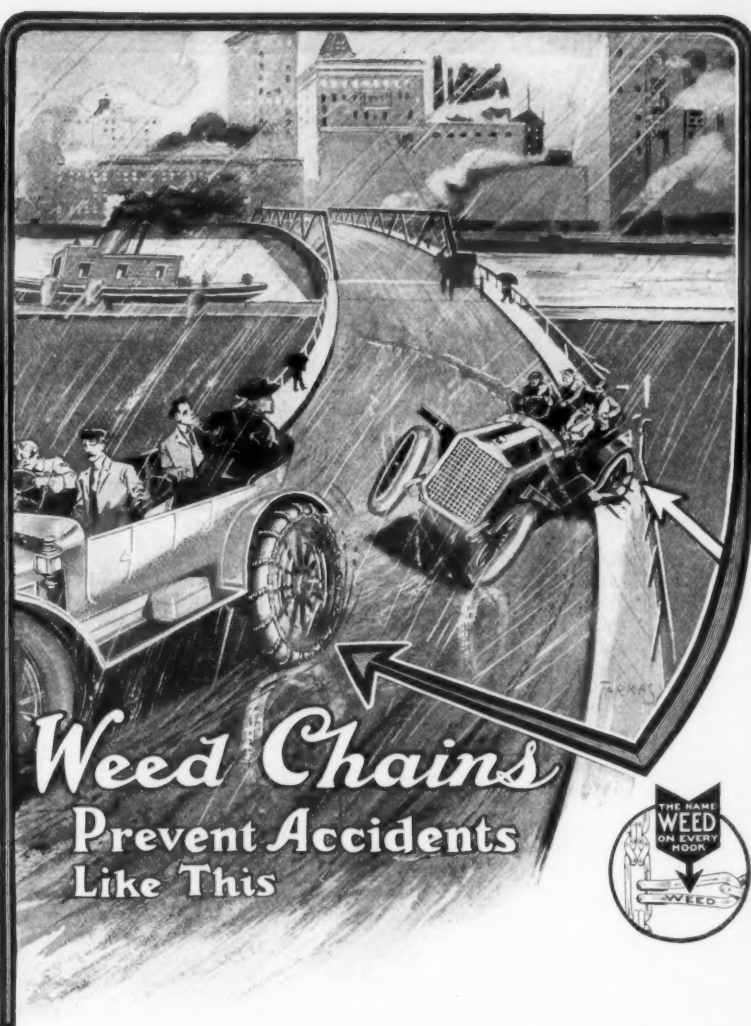
**W**HERE will you seek it? You can do one of two things: go to a big agency and secure the services of the right man or engage such a man outside who may or may not be a professional detective. I have frequently utilized with success in peculiar and difficult cases the services of men whom I knew to be common-sense persons, with a natural taste for ferreting out mysteries, but who were not detectives at all. Your head bookkeeper may have real talents in this direction—if he is not above using them. Naturally, the first essential is brains—and if you can give the time to the matter, your own head will probably be the best one for your purposes. If, then, you are willing to undertake the job yourself, all you need is some person or persons to carry out your instructions, and such are by no means difficult to find. I have had many a case run down by my own office force—clerks, lawyers, and stenographers, all taking a turn at it. Why not? Is the professional sleuth working on a fixed salary for a regular agency and doing a dozen different jobs each month as likely to bring to bear upon your own private problem as much intelligence as you yourself?

There is no mystery about such work, except what the detective himself sees fit to enshroud it with. Most of us do detective work all the time without being conscious of it. Simply because the matter concerns the theft of a pearl, or the betraying of a business or professional secret, or the disappearance of a friend, the opinion of a stranger becomes no more valuable. And the chances are equal that the stranger will make a bungle of it.

### High Pay for Good Men

**M**ANY of the best available detectives are men who work by themselves without any permanent staff, and who have their own regular clients, generally law firms and corporations. Almost any attorney knows several such, and the chief advantage of employing one of them lies in the fact that you can learn just what their abilities are by personal experience. They usually command a high rate of remuneration, but deductive ability and resourcefulness are so rare that they are at a premium and can only be secured by paying it. Twenty-five dollars a day will generally hire the best of them, and they are well worth it. These men are able, if

(Continued on page 39)



A pleasure ride. A little rain. A slippery pavement. *No Weed anti-skid chains—just foolish dependence on rubber alone.*

Came down a slight grade. Tried to take the curve; but slid—slapped on the brake hard—and—*quick as a wink the car SKIDDED—*

Slide! Swerve!

Muscles tensed and hands clutched wildly. A sickening thrill of fear flashed through vibrant nerves. Quick to the brain leaped a blurred picture of sudden death—a terrible view of mangled flesh and shattered bone—

Crash! Smash!

It was all over in a twinkling;

—and no lives were lost! No one was even seriously injured. Just a few slight bruises on trembling limbs and a few cold drops of sweat on pale brows—and a badly damaged car—*—but—only by a hair's breadth did LIFE win over DEATH!*

Do you take warning? No! It's such a common happening—so common that you have become callous—you have forgotten the ever-lurking peril. Besides it happened to the "other fellow."

"Why, I never had an accident in my life!" you exclaim. "The driver of the wrecked car was careless. Such a thing will never happen to me because I am a careful driver."

But, are you careful?

Do you "Take Weed Chains with you?" Do you put them on when it rains? Do you know that without Weed Chains the most experienced and careful driver cannot prevent skidding on muddy roads and on wet, icy, slippery pavements? Do you realize that skidding is the greatest danger in motoring—that every day someone, somewhere, skids to his death?

You know that Weed Chains positively prevent skidding—then why don't you put them on? If you practice folly in motoring you must pay the penalty. Sooner or later, just as sure as the rising of the sun in the east, disaster will come. It may be only a trivial breakage—or it may be a heap of twisted, shattered wreckage with human lives snuffed out.

Even if you don't value your own life, what right have you to imperil the lives of others?

Get Weed Chains today. Put them on your car when it rains. Make safety yours. Make it absolutely safe for those who ride in your car—who trust in your prudence—who give their lives into your care.

**Weed Chains, because of their "Creeping Grip" cannot injure tires—they actually preserve them.**

*All Reputable Dealers*

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore St., New York City

# The Average Man's Money

## A Page for Investors

### Available \$100 Bonds

HERE are some \$100 bonds that are commonly dealt in on the New York market. The prices are those prevailing at the close of the day of October 26:

	Price
New York City 4s, due 1955.....	103
New York City 4½s, due 1957.....	108½
New York City 3½s, due 1941.....	91
New York City 3½s, due 1914.....	100
Colo. & So. ref. 4½s, due 1935.....	98½
N. Y. Air Brake 1st conv. 6s, due 1928.....	98½
Western Pac. 1st mort. 5s, due 1933	94

### Diversity—An Example

A SOUND financial writer turned bond dealer some months ago. Recently he published an advertisement suggesting to the investor with \$2,500 or more to put into securities the following distribution of capital:

	Income
\$500 A standard railroad bond with wide market.....	\$22.50
500 High-grade public utility bond with good market.....	25.00
500 Solid, well-secured industrial or public utility bond with smaller market.....	27.50
500 Selected farm or realty mortgage or short-term note (3 to 5 years to run).....	30.00
500 Standard railroad, public utility or preferred industrial stock.....	30.00
Yield, 5.4%.....	\$135.00

Three-fifths of this investment is quickly marketable.

Item one yields 4½ per cent; item two, 5 per cent; item three, 5½ per cent, and items four and five, 6 per cent. This is an excellent distribution to provide solid security, substantial income, marketability, and convenient security units.

### Saving Twenty-Five Cents a Day

By L. H. RIDDLE

AT the age of six, when he started to school, I began to put away twenty-five cents each day for my boy. This amounts to \$91 a year. At the end of the year I loaned it out at from 8 to 9 per cent, and compounded it at the end of each year.

I believe this plan is one of the safest and easiest ways to provide for the future of the child. There are often what may seem to be sure and much more profitable means of adding to the earnings by investing in some speculative proposition, but there is also the chance that one may lose it all. I will say in regard to the interest rate that, being in a part of the West where interest is rather high, we find no difficulty in making the money net a little over 8 per cent.

Starting at the age of six, as we did, and running to the age of twenty-one, the proposition figures on an 8 per cent basis, for the fifteen years, at \$2,465.90.

We have been at it thirteen years, and have a little over \$2,000, or about \$51 more than a straight 8 per cent interest basis.

The boy is, at nineteen, just starting to the university, taking an engineering course, so his money will not increase any further, it taking the \$91 a year and the earnings on the \$2,000 and some more, which I will advance for him.

This educational expense, we figure, is of much more benefit than to forego it and add further to the accumulation fund.

I never saw anything impress a boy as the growth of this fund. It has ground into his nature the value and power of steady savings. He will start life with a neat capital and an education—in fact, with all that any boy needs.

Harrington, Kans.

### A Stock-Buying Plan

By LEWIS LOCKWOOD

ON July 1, 1910, the aggregate accumulations for the benefit of my son showed a balance of \$150. A few days later the stocks of the regular dividend-paying railroads were selling low enough to yield 6 per cent on cost, thus presenting the investment opportunity for which

I had waited several months. I was determined not to speculate, yet I wanted to buy more stock than the cash in hand would pay for, having in view its ultimate enhancement, combined with a systematic plan of savings.

I purchased one share each of A., T. & S. F. common, D. & H., Union Pacific common, K. C. S. preferred, and C. M. & St. P. common at a total cost of \$567, paying on account \$150 cash, and giving accepted drafts, maturing monthly, for the balance of \$417, on which I pay interest at the rate of 6 per cent. As I receive the regular dividends on the stock—i. e., \$36 per annum—and pay only \$25.02 in interest (which is reduced by each monthly payment), the net yield on original cash investment is over 7 per cent.

The value of this investment has al-

ready increased (April 29, 1911) to \$638, and I am looking forward to the return of the high figures of two years ago, when these stocks will sell for \$784.

The aggregate of my monthly payments is now sufficient to justify additional purchases in dull times, or whenever these or other good stocks can be bought to yield over 6 per cent. By this means the plan is made continuous. Of course, the dividends as paid are applied on the deferred balance, thus keeping both capital and income constantly employed. No risk is involved, as I am not subject to margin calls in event of temporary depreciation, and I can sell the stock at any time.

I have endeavored to incorporate in this plan the elements most certain to encourage continuous and uninterrupted savings, a fixed date each month on which it is

### The Reasons for Our Financial Panics

By HENRY W. YATES, President of the Nebraska National Bank of Omaha

THE comment below is the conclusion of a long and intelligent criticism of the Aldrich plan recently made to the Laymen's Club of Lincoln, Nebraska. It is an indication of the wide interest roused by the proposal to reconstruct the currency system in some way that will insure the banking and business interests of the country against unnecessary injury from money panics

OUR panics have been due not to our currency but to other clearly discerned causes.

During a period of easy money banks are induced to make investments they would not ordinarily handle. Some of them have dealt in speculative securities upon which they have been unable to realize to meet the demands of legitimate business or the call of their depositors, and, having been forced to close their doors, a panic naturally ensues. Under the same circumstances panics would occur in any country.

This develops the real weakness in our banking systems. In other countries, when banks reach the end of their own resources, they can have recourse for relief to their great national banks, and they in turn have the support of their governments.

It is entirely different with us. Our banks compete with each other in obtaining and holding on to all the currency they can reach, and when they can loan no more, and it is difficult to meet the demands of depositors, they have been forced to invent expedients which the law does not tolerate, and which only afford relief in a clumsy and unsatisfactory manner. The Aldrich-Vreeland measure, authorizing national bank notes, may hereafter be depended upon to meet the situation in time of panics and prevent the use hereafter of any of these clumsy bank expedients to make something to take the place of money. But it will be admitted that something else is necessary for ordinary times which will steady the money market and prevent panicky conditions which are to be dreaded almost as much as panics themselves.

Hence the clamor for a strong central bank.

### A Contrast in the Resources of Capitalist and Employee

IN the five years in which the latest figures are available, total capital employed in manufacturing increased 45.39 per cent; in the same period savings-bank deposits increased 21.02 per cent. These and other statistics of interest to the

average investor appear in a recent report from the Census Bureau. From the report the "Wall Street Journal" has constructed a table contrasting the condition of the capitalist and of the employee:

	1900	1904	% Inc.
Total capital.....	\$18,428,270,000.00	\$12,675,581,000.00	45.39
Same per capitalist.....	3,526.00	3,000.00	17.53
Income per capitalist.....	378.69	335.70	12.81
Per cent on investment.....	12.05	12.19	Loss
Net earnings.....	2,219,472,000.00	1,655,643,000.00	34.06
Margin of profit (%).....	10.74	11.19	Loss

	1900	1904	% Inc.
Savings-bank deposits.....	\$3,713,405,710.00	\$3,060,178,611.00	21.02
Same per depositor.....	418.89	420.25	Loss
Per capita salaries.....	1,188.00	1,106.00	7.41
Per capita wages.....	518.10	477.40	8.52
Total salaries and wages.....	4,365,613,000.00	3,184,884,000.00	37.04
Net to salaries and wages (%).....	50.84	51.99	Loss
Net per employee.....	299.00	276.00	8.33

<sup>1</sup> Estimated.

With the growth of intelligent investment among the savings-bank depositors, the significance of such a comparison will

grow less and less. It is at this time, however, the best available test of the prosperity of the employed.

obligatory to "pay over" a given sum. The conversion of the savings into "spending-money" involves something more than merely writing a check. The investment is conservative, yet the yield is sufficient to demonstrate the fact that "money earns money," has a certain convertible market value, ultimate enhancement, and is susceptible of being carried in the minor's own name.

### Some Tests to Make

MANY letters come to the editor of this page asking about stocks which on the most casual investigation are found to be worthless as investments. It would be worth while for the average investor to know a few of the simplest tests applied to determine a stock's value.

1. Find out its value as collateral—the amount of money you could borrow on it.

2. Find out its selling price in whatever market it is traded in. Very few stocks are sold to the public that do not somewhere get into the hands of traders—the New York Curb Market will usually yield a quotation even on the newest issues.

3. Get a balance sheet of the company, check off the items of assets one by one, and be sure you know exactly what each represents before passing on to the next.

4. Don't pay real money for the hopes of the promoters. Recollections of the stupendous earnings of the original Bell Telephone stock are worth about thirty cents on ten thousand dollars of stock.

5. Write to bankers in the town where the company's offices are, and do not regard a reply saying that the account of the company or its officials is in a satisfactory state as an indorsement of the stock.

### An Ostrander Idyl

THIS is a story that began in the advertising pages of a newspaper and ended in a field of daisies. It should stir the imagination.

"About five years ago," says the Iowa man whom the story concerns, "I read the advertisement of William Ostrander, then of Philadelphia, offering stock at \$10 per share in the United States Graphite Company. I bought one share. Not long thereafter I read in a paper that the company had failed, and that the incorporators had been arrested.

"A few months later I received from Ostrander an offer to exchange the United States Graphite Company stock for Continental Graphite Company stock. This I did and proceeded to forget about it.

"In August, 1911, came another letter from Ostrander (then in New York City) offering to take the Graphite stock at par as a first payment on one or more lots at Lincoln, New Jersey—price, \$195 each. Monthly payments were to be \$2. In Ostrander's letter appeared this statement: 'It is as certain as anything can be that every one of these lots will be worth at least \$1,000 each within a very few years.'

"To make this go down, Ostrander greased the proposition by offering to lot buyers who should apply within the month a thirty-piece chest of silver (descriptive literature and photograph enclosed).

"I made the exchange, and waited for my chest of silver. When I wrote finally to ask about it, Ostrander replied: 'We did not mention when the silverware would be sent you, intending at that time to send it when the payments were completed.' However, he added that when \$25 was paid the silver would be shipped."

At this point the man in Iowa began to wonder just what sort of a lot he had drawn at Lincoln, New Jersey. He sent a letter to a friend who is vice president of a manufacturing company at Lincoln, enclosing a map showing the location of his lot. The manufacturer's reply adds the final touch to make the Ostrander idyl complete:

"Please pardon my delay in writing you in reference to your lot at Lincoln. It is about three-quarters of a mile back of our factory, in one of the most beautiful fields of goldenrod and yellow daisies that you ever saw in your life. The road is about three-quarters of a mile from it. I should consider your lot worth about ten cents, but I should hate to offer that for fear you would take it."



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### DORIAN REMOUNTABLE RIMS

Safe, efficient, economical. Insures you against road tire changing troubles anywhere, any time. No fuss, no bother, no time waste.



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### Accident Insurance At Cost \$9 a year.

Learn of our plan, our booklet sent FREE on request explains it in detail. The same plan has been used by traveling men's organizations for the past thirty years. This is the oldest Association in the world writing Accident Insurance at Actual Cost for Business and Professional Men.

\$4 the regular membership fee, paid now, carries your insurance to April 1, 1915, without extra cost. The Inter State Health Policy is \$10 a year. Inter State Business Men's Accident Association ERNEST W. BROWN, Sec.-Treas. 508 Observatory Building Des Moines, Iowa

1898-1911

## John Muir & Co. SPECIALISTS IN Odd Lots of Stock

The out-of-town and out-of-reach man finds our Partial Payment plan a convenient way to buy stocks and bonds.

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will help you to keep in the easiest possible way a valuable record of events at home, school, college, travel, anniversaries, social events, the weather, crops, business enterprises and engagements, things attempted and things accomplished. Each LINE A DAY BOOK has room for four lines a day and, as shown above, the records are comparative for five years, each year under the previous year. It will be of great value and much interest in after years. Write for Catalog No. 6. Twenty-eight styles, 60 cents to \$5.00. Three of the popular styles are:

- No. 100, beautifully bound in Red Art Cloth \$1.00
- No. 103, genuine leather, black seal grain \$1.50
- No. 109, genuine leather, long grain (green) \$2.00

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you WARD'S LINE A DAY BOOK upon receipt of price.

Samuel Ward Company

57-63 Franklin Street Boston, Mass.

## PENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Tempered for high elasticity, ground for smooth writing—the perfection of pens. For every style of writing. Sample card of 12 different styles and 3 good penholders sent for 10 cents. PENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

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## Private Detective's Work

(Continued from page 37)

necessary, to assume the character of a doctor, traveler, man-about-town, or business agent without wearing in their lapels a sign that they are detectives, and they will reason ahead of the other fellow and can sometimes calculate pretty closely what he will do.

The detective business swarms with men of doubtful honesty and morals, who are under a constant temptation to charge for services not rendered and expenses not incurred, who are accustomed to exaggeration if not to perjury, and who have neither the inclination nor the ability to do competent work.

Once they get their clutches on a wealthy client, they resemble the shyster lawyer in their efforts to bleed him, by stimulating his fears of publicity and by holding out false hopes of success, and thus prolonging their period of service. An unscrupulous detective will almost, as a matter of course, work on two jobs at once and charge all his time to each client. He will constantly report progress when nothing has been accomplished, and his expenses will fill pages of his notebook. Meantime his daily reports will fall like a shower of autumn leaves. In no profession is it more essential to know the man who is working for you. If you need a detective, get the best you can find, put a limit on the expense, and give him your absolute confidence.

## Mexico's New President

(Continued from page 19)

family party. His wife followed him everywhere—and his attitude toward her was in itself, from a Mexican point of view, almost revolutionary. After marriage women are not likely to be seen very much outside of their homes except at church or reclining in the family carriage, but wherever the worried little man went Mrs. Madero went, too—a patient, self-effacing, capable little lady, who was at her husband's side in prison at San Luis Potosi, in camp during the most trying days of the revolution, and when he entered Mexico City in triumph last spring.

Until 1903 Madero remained almost indifferent to politics—like the immense majority of our compatriots who have not passed fifty, living tranquilly, occupied with my private business and the thousand futilities of our social life. The tragic result of a peaceful demonstration in which some of his friends and relatives took part in Monterey awoke him to action. The election for State Governor in 1905 seemed to offer a chance, and he and his friends organized the Benito Juarez Democratic Club, which was followed by the organization of similar clubs throughout that State. A convention was held, a platform announced after the American fashion embodying the ideas of no reelection for governors and municipal presidents and the betterment of public instruction, especially in the rural districts.

As an experiment in democratic practices the attempt was a thorough success, but when election day came, the voting places were in the hands of armed men, and the votes were not counted.

Similar experiment in other States resulted similarly, and conditions seemed so unfavorable that, "realizing the impulsive nature of the Mexican people," it was thought best not to try to carry on too prolonged a campaign, but to wait until the election of 1909, when the election of a President would be only a year away.

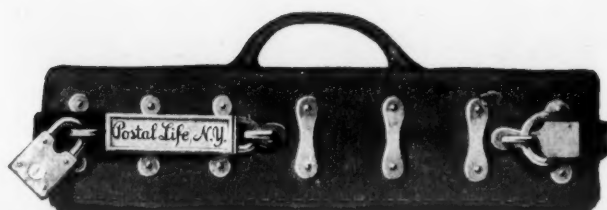
### The Book That Helped

It was when this campaign began that Mr. Madero wrote his "Sucesión Presidencial en 1910," which, better than anything else, perhaps, can give those unacquainted with him or with Mexico a measure of the man.

The book was written in Spanish, but since the success of the revolution most of it has been published in installments in English in the "Mexican Herald" of Mexico City, and another English translation of it will shortly be issued in book form.

It is interesting, after what has happened, to see this provincial ranchman, admitting his own "social and political insignificance and understanding he could not be the one to initiate a rescue movement," studying the martial figure of old Don Porfirio from afar. "Seen even in a photograph," he wrote, "he appears to hide some great mystery, to guard carefully, in the depth of his soul, some intense, fixed idea which will determine all the acts of his life."

This fixed idea, he endeavored to prove,



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was the determination to hold fast to the absolute power. He did not deny Don Porfirio's merits—his honesty, his admirable personal life, the peace and material progress which had accompanied his absolutism—it was typical of Mr. Madero's consistent humanity that toward the man he was trying to displace he was fair, courteous, and even kind. General Diaz would, in short, "do everything possible for the good of the country—compatible with his indefinite election."

Then, with equal frankness, he showed the price that had been paid for this material progress—the gradual ignoring of the Constitution, the stifling of a free press, of free speech, of the right of assembly, and the progressive atrophy of the people's political sense; the result which absolutism has always brought—"enervation of the people, death of noble aspiration, loss of the idea that they are responsible for the country."

I regret that lack of space will not permit me to quote more fully Mr. Madero's ideas—his suggestion that the best defense "against possible attack from our neighbor on the north would be for all of us Mexicans to work shoulder to shoulder in respecting our mutual rights and in raising the intellectual and moral level of our people"; his impression of the leading men in the capital—"they who concede more importance to the beauty of *paseos* than to the rights of citizenship, who protest with more indignation when a little refuse litters the boulevard than when their most precious rights are wrested from them"; his comments on the punishment and deportation of the Yaquis, the strikes in the cotton mills at Puebla and Orizaba, and the mowing down of the strikers: "It is all right to die of hunger, but it must be done in an orderly fashion—in silence, without a protest."

He looked at the rich, well-educated young men of the capital, to whom the republic ought to be able to look for help—the same young men you will see lounging in the *zaguán* of the Jockey Club or, any of these fine Sunday afternoons, posing before they take their seats at the bull fight with their gardenias and walking sticks and black coats bound with braid—"our gilded youth, with their melancholy skepticism, left cold and indifferent by the words, Country and Liberty, which move so profoundly men with hearts."

Even the more earnest citizens, he found, "silent, as if muzzled . . . in such circumstances, if a tempest should sweep over our country, then good-by to independence! They would lose it as indifferently as they have lost their liberty. They would see their territory taken away just as they have seen their Constitution trampled under foot."

### The Problem of the Illiterate

QUOTATIONS such as these, better than most of Mr. Madero's public utterances—he is a poor speaker—will tend to explain somewhat the mystery of his success. It was for this that the comic papers have been cartooning him as a papier-mâché apostle.

To the familiar complaint that a people, the majority of whom cannot read or write, are not fit for democratic government, Mr. Madero would now reply, I presume, that what is true of the adult Mexican of to-day is not true of the growing generation, and that even if ideal democracy be impracticable, a dictatorship is not the only alternative. The only way, he says, to become familiar with democratic practices is to practice them.

He admits the difficulty of the illiterate, but believes that as an obstacle to carrying out the election law it is exaggerated.

Mr. Madero is an idealist, but it took more than a mere invertebrate dreamer to preach such doctrine as this in the Mexico of 1909. And that Don Panchito has a backbone and knows something of the game of politics he showed in his handling of the Gomez faction, of his supposedly dangerous rival, General Bernardo Reyes, and at several other embarrassing moments during his final campaign. His real task is, of course, just beginning. Having broken through the miasma of cynical materialism in which Mexico was wrapped, awakened his countrymen and cleared the air with his own humane enthusiasms, the tremendous task of administering the country remains. The success of this must largely depend on the honesty and efficiency of the men he gathers about him, and, obviously, he will satisfy neither extreme—either the privileged classes, who have had their own way for so long, or the peons, who have been expecting to stop work when El Chaparrito (The Little Sawed-off) came into power, and pick silver pesos off the trees. But it is a task in which he should have every American's sympathetic interest.

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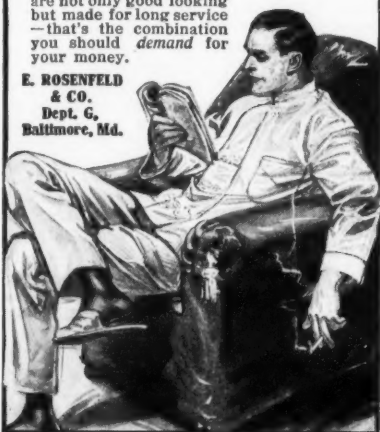
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## If We Had to Fight—

(Concluded from page 18)

organized naval reserve, although strongly urged to do so by various Secretaries of the Navy. At a small cost a national reserve, composed of the naval militia and ex-man-of-war-men, etc., might be established.

I have not finished yet. In discussing preparation for war, officers of the navy have for years laid stress on the fact that the science of strategy and tactics as applied to practical fleet work has not been fully developed. It follows that if we had all the needed fighting ships and their auxiliaries, and if all were in perfect readiness to proceed against the enemy, our fleet would still be an untrained force, so far as concerns its ability to outmaneuver the opponent. Our gun pointers can shoot straight, but their ability would count for little unless the fleet were so maneuvered as to give them an equal chance to exercise their skill. But this fleet of ours, including all its units, has never been maneuvered together. Now every foreign navy has its yearly grand maneuvers, when practically the entire fleet goes to sea and splits in two forces to practice the problems of naval warfare. No such maneuvers have ever occurred in the American navy, and, besides, there is no money available from Congress for this purpose.

### We Have No General Staff

IN every important navy abroad the general staff makes a continuous study of war, covering all the fields of operation. Few, if any, officers in our navy are free to devote their entire energy to planning for war, and none are by law responsible for the preparation of war. As there is no staff organization for the purpose, these preparations would have to be made by officers who have received but little training in the arts of war, and their execution would be carried out by officers who had still less of the maneuvering experience necessary to the successful handling of a great fleet.

I hear the taxpayer ask why we have established a new navy at a cost of over \$100,000,000 a year, but have failed to provide for the personnel which would make this navy available for war. This dangerous condition has been repeatedly and emphatically pointed out by President Roosevelt and his Secretaries of the Navy. The answer is again—Congress.

The admirals and captains of the big foreign navies are comparatively young men. A British battleship captain may be as young as thirty-five. Ours are from twenty to twenty-five years older. The average age of an American admiral is from fifty-nine to sixty-two, and he has only from one to three years to stay in his grade and train himself for command in battle. Some English admirals are forty-nine, and many have had the experience of command of big fleets for eight years. Admiral Taylor wrote some years ago officially: "Unless the ages of our captains are diminished, disaster is practically certain to ensue." But Congress has not yet acted on the new personnel bill, which will afford the whole service a more modern system of promotion.

True, we are making progress. Within the navy tremendous strides have been made toward higher efficiency. The long-range accuracy of our gun pointers is equal to that of any foreign navy, and in engine-room efficiency the American navy is ahead. In the individual handling of battleships during elementary evolutions there has been a remarkable improvement: on a small scale several scouting problems have been worked out, numerous destroyer attacks have been made under war conditions, and within the fleet the study of strategy and its application to tactics has received an attention hitherto unknown. Mr. Meyer, the ablest Secretary since Whitney, has untangled the red tape of the old bureaus and provided a clean-cut organization on a business basis. He is placing the navy's expenditures on the sea and trying hard to do away with its greatest encumbrance, the useless navy yards. But Congress has so far failed to legalize any of his reforms.

### Public Opinion and Congress

THE truth is that Congress has always been hostile to legalization which would better the navy as an instrument of war. And nothing will be accomplished in Washington unless our people awaken to this necessity. Confronted by a solid public opinion, which is backed by the press, Congress can be made to act on the measures which will help to make the navy readier for war.

As an effort at mobilization the review has shown the material weaknesses of the fleet. If it, as a spectacular show, has stimulated the people's earnest interest in the navy's immediate needs and future, much has been achieved.

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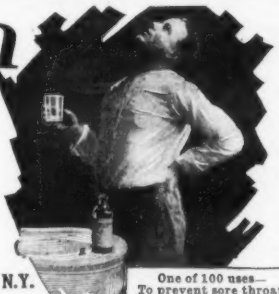
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MT 121

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
BOSTON, MASS.**

## Joseph Pulitzer, a Dominant Personality

Some Personal Reminiscences

By JAMES BARNES

**I**F ANY novelist could have imagined such a being as the late Joseph Pulitzer, endowed with his complexities, his power, his individuality of mind and person, he would have created one of the greatest characters of fiction, for the late owner and editor and the builder of two of the greatest newspapers of the United States was a man absolutely alone, unique, mysterious, and marvelous. His was a personality that triumphed over circumstances, wielding an influence and exercising a dominancy over men's minds that would seem almost unreal to life. The main details of his career in its fulfillment, its accomplishments, its years of triumphing over darkness, have of late been spread on the pages of every newspaper. His own monument he has built in the great journal in which, to the very end, his life was wrapped up. But it is only from one thrown into close intimacy with him that there can be obtained even the faintest suggestion of the real Joseph Pulitzer. It was the writer's good fortune to have gained a close contact with this most remarkable personality.

Joseph Pulitzer made no attempt to gain and hold human affections. He ruled and ordered many lives, but outside of their interest and concern in his own, he went but a short way along their paths. To those closely connected with him, his dominant ego was overwhelming; it was in his orbit they traveled. They moved, acted, and thought under his ruling influence.

Other lips and eyes and pens were essential to him—essential as they were to Milton; but Milton was not the editor of a daily paper, was not a power in the warring, political events of each succeeding year, the burning questions of each month, the current topics of each day.

#### His Self-Sufficiency

**W**ITHOUT the aid of other sustaining but subordinated minds, Joseph Pulitzer could not have existed; so he became, during his eighteen years of blindness, the greatest absorber of thought and astute picker of the brains of others that the world has ever seen. The fact that he was thus dependent must have been the hardest of all hardships to him. To most men it would have meant a certain loss of power, a certain surrendering of authority; not so with him. He surrendered nothing. No human being would he allow to become necessary to his life, neither editor, business manager, or secretary. Many who were trained to attend to his bodily comforts would have been sorely missed, and many who aided in gaining for him some few short hours of relaxation, he would have feared to lose. But he was all in all to himself. Yet never have I met with a mind so athirst for mental companionship; a thirst that, owing to the exactions of his own intellect, was never completely assuaged. The free companionship of soul it is doubtful if he ever had in its entirety in all his life from his association with men.

Hampered by his blindness, by a pain-racked body and insomnia, his great nerves were like exposed surfaces, as sensitive to shocks and discords of sound as a harp, and it was necessary that he should obtain some rest out of the busy year. Within the reach of telegrams, telephone messages, and the postman, such rest was impossible; when such things were within reaching distance, he could not put them aside. So on his great seagoing yacht, the *Liberty*, the finest cruising vessel of her tonnage ever built for ostensible pleasure, he spent a proportion of each twelvemonth on the ocean. The whole year round the *Liberty* was in commission, ready for her owner's erratic cruises, and it was on board of her that I accompanied him for the better part of a year or more. From the first I was interested and fascinated by the wonderful complexity of his character. One might think at sea there might come some lessening in the dominance of his personality, some slight surrender of authority, even to the captain on the bridge; but not a whit of it. The ship was built to serve the necessary circumstances; inscribed on brass plates on all entrances forward that opened near his great sleeping cabin and his library were the words: "This door shall not be opened until Mr. Pulitzer is awake." The wide gangways that he walked by hours were roped off during the hours when he sought to gain that slumber that came so hard to him.

Every person on the ship was a paid adherent, trained or undergoing training, to fit the will, or what almost seemed to be the whims, of the directing and masterful mind.

In a peculiar way that was an in-



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We, the sons of John S. Huyler (founder), associated with him in the business for years, so pledge it.

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President

DAVID HUYLER  
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Secretary and Manager of Stores



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Observe that the highest-priced Custom-made shoes are the *plainest*, and look most like real feet.

But, Young Men *will* have their way.

We make it easy for them here to fit *Fancy* as well as Feet, in our wide range of nifty 1911 Regals.

However,—don't be misled by our strong display of Smart *Ultra-Styles*, at \$4.00 and under.

We know *how* to make them, how to put the finishing touch to their "Snap" and "Ginger."

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Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush 25c.

vention of his own; he kept this grip on all on board.

None of the five or six secretaries, nor the captain, knew the ultimate destination of the vessel. It was romantic, this situation. It appealed to anyone with an imagination in a peculiar way. The ship was a carpet, Mr. Pulitzer was Aladdin; he expressed his wish, she went. But the way of going was one of the grim jokes of his peculiar genius. Let the yacht be headed north from the port of Leith, having cleared under sailing orders for Iceland, when two or three days out, strolling up on deck and taking a glance at the compass or gauging by the sun, she would be found heading east by south; where, no one knew. To guess was impossible, to ask was useless. The captain's instructions were to seek warmer weather, to gain the English Channel. A few days of this and then the captain might be summoned and asked how far it was to Dieppe or Dinard; how long it would take to get to either place. This having been ascertained, orders were given for the exact hour at which the yacht should drop her anchor at the port chosen by the master mind. Going on shore, there would be found cables and a huge mail waiting, ordered to be sent there at the last port at which the *Liberty* had touched. It was exciting, irritating perhaps, but entrancing. It was as no one else but Joseph Pulitzer would have done it.

During the day, and even in the borderland between wide-awake and asleep, Mr. Pulitzer was never out of the sound of a human voice. He had read more books (through his ears) than any three men that ever lived. He had cultivated the art of casting away the nonessentials even in his desire to know all. The poetry and rhythm of words meant little to him; it was the point, always the point. He could grasp the construction of great works, but never the decorations. In his wonderful memory he pigeonholed concrete dates, facts, names, and definitions in such well-ordered array that it was astounding. He failed to follow or lost interest if the writer or author became in the least illusive; word painting he detested.

#### His Clarity of Expression

WHEN summing up the gist of any matter declarative of his own thought in regard to it, his speech was a lesson in diction and construction. No essayist or pamphleteer or historical writer but would have profited by listening to him. Everything that he himself has written or dictated shows this clarity of expression. He would have made a great lecturer, a great pleader before the bar, had not journalism and politics in his early youth swung him away from his legal studies to the most exacting of all professions. By long practice each of his secretaries had learned to know his needs and his methods of listening. Every article read to him from the magazines, reviews, and quarterlies had to be prepared, rehearsed, marked, and delayed. Even the novels, of which he was a voracious reader, had to be thus condensed.

If his interest wandered, there would come that imperative "skip-skip," and the expression on his face would show when once again the story held him.

It was unusual for him to talk about himself or his early struggles, but when surprised by something that carried his mind back in a reminiscent way, to the listener the reward was satisfying and intense.

I remember one day off the coast of Norway, passing one of the modern steam whalers with its big harpoon gun in the bow. I described the vessel to him and told what I had been reading of the Norwegian whaling industry, and drew a comparison between the modern methods and the older ones when men disappeared for three years in the Arctic and came back like Rip Van Winkles. He paused a moment, and from his lips fell the most astonishing statement.

"I nearly enlisted," said he, "for a three years' cruise myself on a whaler bound for Greenland from New Bedford."

"You!" said I.  
My evident surprise must have bade him to go on, and he told me the story. Just after the War, when many hundreds of men in tattered blue uniforms, homeless and penniless, had thronged to the great cities,

Joseph Pulitzer was seated on one of the benches in City Hall Park. But a few nights before this he had been, with some other soldiers, put out of French's hotel because he lacked the money to pay for further accommodation, and he had shaken his fist at the grimy old building, determining some day to get even (a threat that he afterward followed out in a way that only he would have done it, for on the site of that building to-day rises the towering structure that is the home of the "World" and bears the name of its owner).

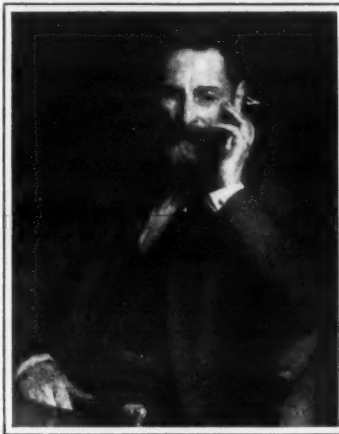
#### A Narrow Escape

AS he was seated there a man approached and asked if he wanted a job. It was the first offer of work that he had received; every day he had been at the post office, asking for a letter which he expected with a remittance from home; but none had come. He was almost desperate.

"What kind of a job?" he asked the man in broken English, for he had not then fully mastered the tongue with which he afterward became so proficient.

"It is for three years," was the reply; "good pay and you can save your money."

Without another question he rose and followed the man down a side street to a dirty little office with an anteroom crowded with men, mostly drunk. It was a shipping agency, collecting men to go to New Bedford. He was promised ten dollars if he would sign the papers presented to him.



Joseph Pulitzer

From the painting by John Sargent

Declining to affix his signature, as did several other doubtful ones who made for the door, the group was followed by the land shark and rounded up at the entrance to a saloon, where they were wheeled in. Something warned Joseph Pulitzer at the right moment. Quick as a

flash the near-recruit to the whaling industry had dashed past and gained the street.

That night he slept on a doorstep in Second Avenue, and the next morning, calling at the Post Office, there was the expected remittance, and with this sum of money he made his way out West to St. Louis.

One day while cruising off the Atlantic Coast our talk had drifted from actors whose performances we had seen and heard to the plays of Shakespeare, and Mr. Pulitzer spoke of the beautiful scene between Brutus and his wife. He began to repeat it, and never have I heard a finer recitation. It was so full and rounded, so tense with proper emphasis. From that he gave both Forum speeches; I grew more and more surprised. He would stop at the corner of the deck and, while still holding my arm, he declaimed to the open sea.

"It was my desire once to be an orator, my great ambition. I used to practice those speeches by the hour."

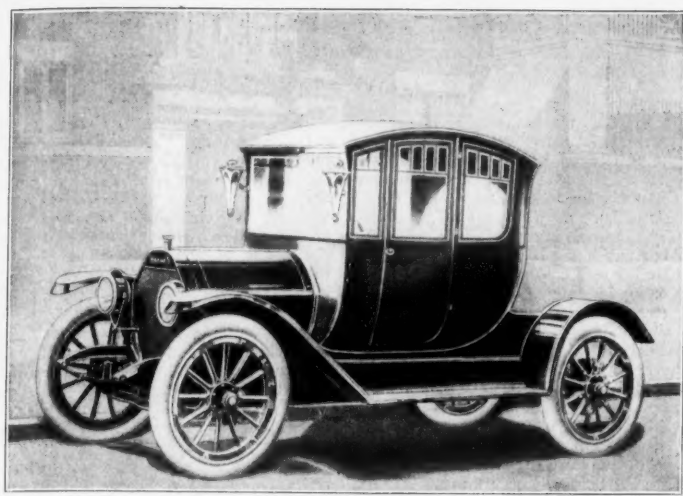
It was the only time in all my acquaintance with him that I found him in this mood. But I never shall forget it—his tall, gaunt figure on the swaying deck, and the strength and melody that seemed so suddenly to have been born into his voice. It was a note that I cannot remember ever hearing again.

#### His Love of Music

DISCORDANT sounds, whistles, sudden firing of guns, and barking of dogs were the things he hated most. It was the reason why the *Liberty* avoided the beaten paths of ships. He could only sleep in the nearest approach to absolute silence which could be obtained. But he was fond of music—Schubert and Wagner were his favorite composers. Every night before he tried to sleep—a sleep that was helped to come to him by the low, murmuring voice of a secretary, generally reading some work in German—music was played. It rested him; it seemed to act as a soporific on that dynamic mind that probably during the day had come in contact with three or four other minds that it had left all but exhausted.

It was a wonder that Joseph Pulitzer lasted as long as he did. But I can hardly believe, now, that he has gone. I am glad to say that I knew him as well as any man could know him. To me he had shown courtesy and kindness always. I got glimpses of sides of his character that warned me to him; as much as any man could be, I was his friend.





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Watch Your Dealer's Windows for Seasonable Style Suggestions



Wherever these hose are displayed, they show their style, fit and quality. The fact that millions are wearing "Holeproof" is the best argument in its favor. You are apt to like what millions enjoy. You ought to try "Holeproof," the most popular hosiery ever known. For the trial shows the way to save all of your darning and all the bother of darned hose.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908

Carl Freschl, Pres

Six pairs of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes, rips or tears for six months. If any do not, you get new hose free.

It means soft, stylish texture; light weights and fine grades. There

are scores of advantages.

You can't know them all until you have worn it. Once do

and you'll never buy anything else.

This is the modern hosiery—the kind that's abreast of the times. Don't go a day longer without it. See "Holeproof" today at your dealer's.

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

"Holeproof" Yarn costs us an average of 70 cents a pound. We pay the top market price for every inch we use. It is made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest grown. It is soft, and three-ply, which makes it flexible. It is long-fibre cotton, so it has strength with its softness. No one can make better looking or more comfortable hose out of cotton. We could buy common yarn for 30 cents a pound, but the hose would be cumbersome and hot. We make winter weights which are warm but light. We make also the lightest, sheerest weights known, guaranteed just the same as the heavier grades.

Carl Freschl, Pres

Every pair of the genuine "Holeproof" bears that signature on the toe. Don't buy anything else as "Holeproof" unless it appears as you see it above. Mr. Freschl was first to make hose good enough to guarantee six pairs for six months.

It was in making such excellent hose that the guarantee was suggested. Here were hose that deserved it, so the guarantee was put in effect—the first guarantee that ever was put on hose. Mr. Freschl had 38 years of experience. 26 years of it went into the very first pair.

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

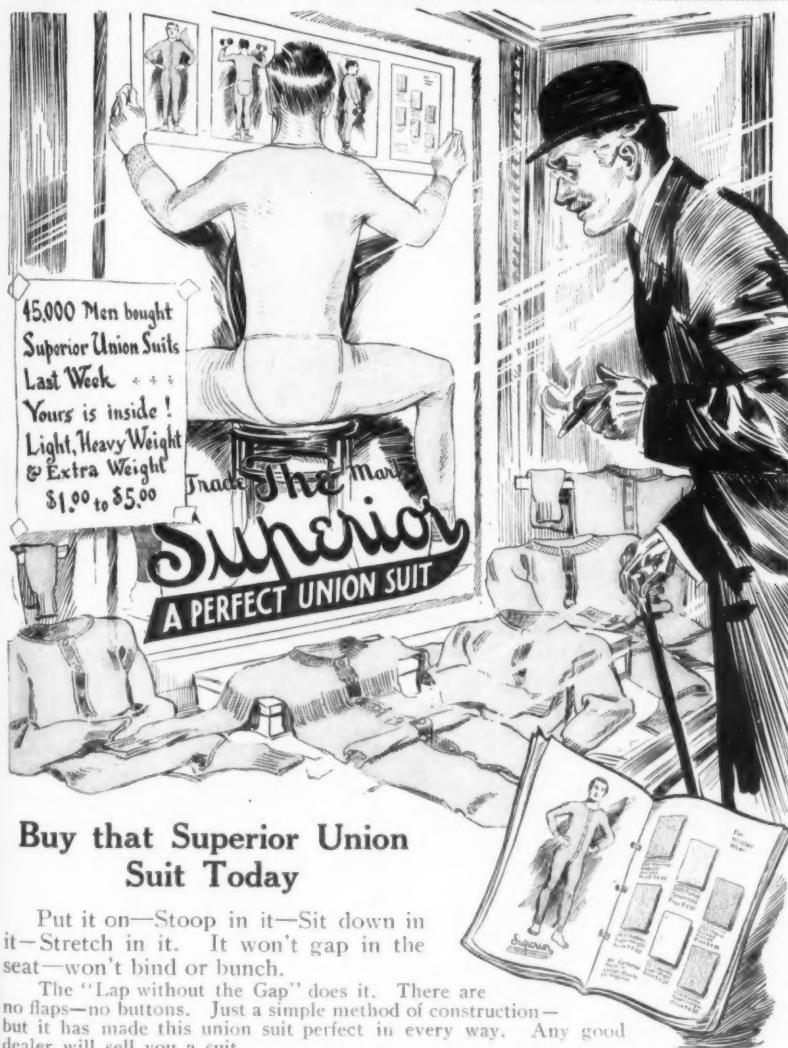
There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men; seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, three weights and three grades for children. Prices, \$1.50 up to \$3.00 for six pairs, guaranteed six months. Silk sox, \$2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. Women's silk stockings, three pairs guaranteed three months, \$3.00.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 942 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Put it on—Stoop in it—Sit down in it—Stretch in it. It won't gap in the seat—won't bind or bunch.

The "Lap without the Gap" does it. There are no flaps—no buttons. Just a simple method of construction—but it has made this union suit perfect in every way. Any good dealer will sell you a suit.

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Superior Union Suits retail for \$1.00 and up.

Superior label. It is your guarantee of fit, finish and service unsurpassed.



Planning the holiday gift with a Waltham Jeweler is a mutual pleasure. The shopper delights in the beauty and design of the Waltham Watch Models. The experienced jeweler knows the inward perfection of Waltham construction.

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For over three generations Waltham has stood for the highest expression of the Watchmaker's art. High grade Waltham movements—up to the Premier Maximus at \$250, the watch *de luxe* of the world—are invariably named, and offer models of exquisite design and workmanship, combined with timekeeping qualities of unrivalled accuracy. *Riverside*, for instance, guarantees a consistent high grade watch in all popular sizes, men's or women's. Ask your Jeweler.



Handsome booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore, free on request.

"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."



WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

Waltham, Mass.

## —for those you just want to remember

it is often difficult to find an appropriate gift without paying more than you care to. Here are three suggestions that will find a welcome reception almost anywhere—little books by George Fitch, the brilliant satirist—appropriate for many of your friends. Who, nowadays, hasn't one of these three fads?

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A swift sketch of the Machine's Development in Speed, Expense, and Deadlines, from its Milk-Teeth Days to 100 Miles an Hour and \$1,000 a Minute—Pedestrians a Growing Nuisance.

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Golf, to the timid man who has mowed a large field with a dull club for the first time, is an overgrown game of hide-and-seek which is played in a reformed cow-pasture with clubs and a vocabulary. Send this book to your golf friend.

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Ordinary Whist with a Wheel of Fortune Attachment. It is a Cross Between Double-Entry Bookkeeping and Roulette, and is played with a Deck of Cards, an Adding Machine, and a Promissory Note. It is listed as a game, but Generally Varies Between a Vice and a Life Calling.

The three booklets are uniform in style, 36 pages, printed in black and red on antique deckle edge paper, cleverly illustrated, and attractively bound in boards. The price at your bookseller's is 35c each. By mail from this office, 38c each.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th Street, New York

## Good-By to the Thanksgiving Turkey

Owing to a Combination of Evils the American Turkey Supply in Ten Years Has Been Cut in Half

By OTTO PRAEGER

POSSIBLY the most cheerless information conveyed by the Thirtieth Census of the United States is that soon we may no longer know the great American table bird. Mr. E. Dana Durand, Director of the Census, has just finished counting the American turkey, and he finds his ranks decimated in every commonwealth of the Union, save in four distant intermountain States, where, hemmed in by insurmountable barriers of transportation rates, he has escaped the cold-storage plant and the canning factory.

Between the cholera, the "blackhead," and the ax, this bird that has gobbled his way into the affections of the American people is wasting rapidly. Perhaps soon his name will be but a memory, and future generations may know him but by the picture on the can. This much is certain: Unless times for him change for the better, there will not be enough of him left to go around for a bite apiece on Thanksgiving Day, and there will be as much real turkey in the gaudily labeled can as there is of true diamond back in the average dish of terrapin to-day.

He, indeed, would be an optimist who, under such distressing circumstances, could sit down to his Thanksgiving dinner in the proper spirit.

In ten years the American turkey supply has been cut about in half. The census of 1900 shows that where there were in that year 6,594,695 turkeys to go around 76,000,000 hungry American mouths, there were, according to the recent census count, but 3,688,688, a clear loss of not far from 3,000,000 turkeys, whereas the hungry mouths have increased to more than 91,000,000.

In staid old Massachusetts, where the stern Pilgrim Father set the Thanksgiving fashion when he solemnly shouldered his flintlock and potted a hefty gobbler out of the primeval oak, there were but 2,645 turkeys to answer the roll call of Census Director Durand on April 15, 1910.

The leading turkey States of the Union in 1900 were Texas with 648,671, Missouri with 466,665, Illinois with 446,020, and Iowa with 424,306 turkeys. But ten years later, in 1910, Texas had 285,005 fewer of the great American table bird; Missouri, 155,090; Illinois, 256,609, and Iowa, 300,145 less. Here are the four leading sources of turkey supply in the United States, whose aggregate output of turkeys in 1910 was nearly 1,000,000 birds less than it was ten years ago.

The Ohio turkey crop dropped off 200,260 birds; the Kansas crop 170,917; and thus continues the doleful story until you get down to Rhode Island, where the population has increased 26 per cent and the turkeys have decreased 315 per cent; and where there are 508½ persons to the square mile and only 1,109 turkeys in the whole State.

In only four States did the turkey really and truly increase his tribe. That was in Idaho, where the increase was from 10,211 to 14,274; in Wyoming, where the gain in ten years aggregated 2,219; Montana, where the increase was from 12,637 to 16,475, and North Dakota, where 39,073 turkeys in 1900 have grown into 61,475 by 1910.

### Disease and Rate Sheets

WHY did the turkey increase in these four States, while his numbers fell off from 30 to 60 per cent in every other State in the Union? The rate sheets of the railroads point out the answer. As disease made turkey raising on a large scale almost impossible in some of the Eastern States, the Middle West and the South were drawn upon by the cold-storage companies for turkeys in great numbers. Railroad rates governed this great movement of dressed turkey, and here, at least in part, is the answer to the question why the turkey crop has increased in the intermountain States named, while in the rest of the country it has been reduced one-half. The transportation rates from the turkey farms of Texas to the cold-storage plants in turkey-hungry New England, or to be specific, to Boston, an average distance of 2,243 miles, or 56 hours, is \$1.98 per 100 pounds in carload lots of 20,000 pounds. The rates for the same product and same service from points in the four intermountain States named to New York, an average distance of 2,298 miles, or 63 hours, is \$2.50 from Montana and \$2.75 from Idaho in carload lots of 24,000 pounds. The freight rates on less than carload lots from these two States are considerably greater in proportion than from Texas.

But, after all, inequalities in freight rates alone do not explain the turkey phenomenon. It is entirely plausible that the turkey supply of the intermountain States should remain relatively untouched as long as the Southern, Central, and Middle Western States can supply the needs of the country at the present range of prices, but it does not explain why farmers in the turkey-depleted States have not increased their supply instead of letting it run down.

In the case of chickens, ducks, and geese this would be a simple problem—merely a matter of setting more hens or buying more incubators. With turkeys it is different. There are more fertile eggs in a turkey setting than there are in a setting of chicken eggs, so agricultural experts tell us, and you can grow richer on paper raising turkeys than raising chickens. But it has gotten so now that in some States you can raise turkeys only on paper.

### His Two Appendices

THE trouble with the turkey is his appendix, or rather his appendices, for fowls have two of these bothersome incumbrances. It appears there has come into the land in the past decade or two an organism—to be exact, a protozoan—which is thoroughly at home with the chicken and leaves on this host practically no ill effects, but which is death to turkeys. It makes, first thing, for his turkeyship's two appendices, enlarges and then chokes them up, mottles the liver and works so much general distress that the plagued and weakened bird lies down and dies. This disease is called enterohepatitis, but it is known and dreaded wherever they raise turkeys as "blackhead," because frequently, at one stage of the disease, the head of the stricken bird turns black.

When this protozoan gets into a flock of turkeys, it usually kills 90 per cent of the poults and about 20 per cent of the old birds. It is "blackhead," say the experts of the Department of Agriculture, that has put New England out of the turkey business. Rhode Island once was famous for the number as well as the quality of its turkeys. Now look at it. Census Director Durand could find but 1,109 in the whole State, and they were held at the exorbitant price of \$4.15 apiece.

But there must be other causes than "blackhead" that are responsible for the dwindling in ten years of six and a half million turkeys down to three millions, for all of the States of the Union, save the four intermountain States, show decreases ranging from 30 to 60 per cent since 1900. Much of this territory, especially in the South, is free from "blackhead," and the trouble here seems to be the sheer inability to raise turkeys equal to the demands of the cold-storage plants for distribution throughout the country. The turkey is an easy bird to hatch, but a difficult one to bring through the poult stage; and the farms in the uninfected territory, it appears, are simply unable to replenish the stock taken annually by the cold-storage plants to supply those sections where disease has wiped out almost all of the native flocks.

This situation, naturally, has led to a general and very marked increase in the price of turkeys.

The average price of turkeys in the Middle West is between \$1.75 and \$2.00. On the Pacific Coast turkeys are valued in California at \$2.20, and in Washington at \$2.25.

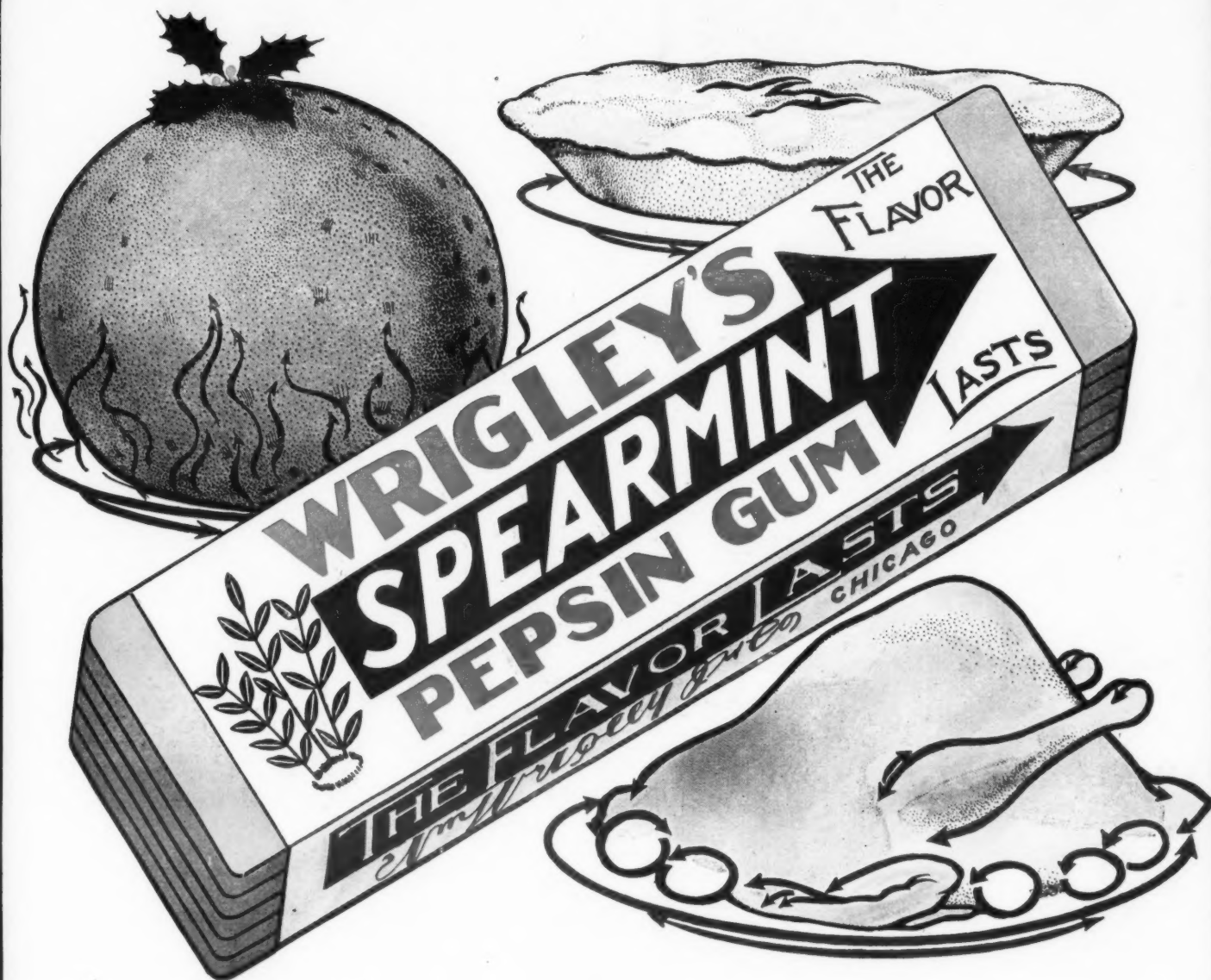
It is in the East, however, where fancy turkey prices prevail. Pennsylvania's turkeys at \$2.30 are cheap, compared with Massachusetts's 2,645 birds which the census reports value at \$3.30 apiece; and Massachusetts turkeys are cheap when compared with Connecticut's at \$3.61 a head. In the matter of prices, Census Director Durand pins the blue ribbon for 1910 on little Rhode Island, whose 1,109 turkeys are valued at \$4.604, or \$4.15 each.

What another ten years will show is a question. The Department of Agriculture does not undertake to answer it. The ravages of "blackhead" are spreading, and with the demands of the cold-storage plants increasing, it begins to look as though the Great American Table Bird is doomed to join the dodo and the bison, unless the 1910 turkey count of the Census Bureau spurs some bold and resourceful explorer in the field of animal husbandry to produce an appendixless gobbler, or finds a way to exterminate the deadly protozoan that threatens to rob Thanksgiving Day of one of its comforting and satisfying charms.



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